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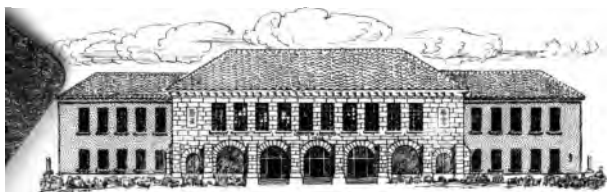
-INFORMATION-LITERATURE-ORAL-EXPRESSION-



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THE PROGRESSIVE COURSE IN READING

FOURTH BOOK

PART I

INFORMATION—LITERATURE—ORAL EXPRESSION

BY

GEORGE I. ALDRICH

AND

ALEXANDER FORBES



BUTLER, SHELDON & COMPANY

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PREFACE.

THE ability to cognize printed symbols lies at the very foundation of the ability to read either silently or orally. Therefore, the first four books of The Progressive Course in Reading provide for the systematic study of each word used, both singly and in its relations to other words. For this purpose, each printed symbol is registered in connection with the lesson in which it first occurs, and numerous special exercises familiarize the pupil with the literal and phonetic analogies of our language, and so cultivate his power of translating the printed symbol into the spoken word.

This Course in Reading differs from its many competitors in the attention given to *words*, and in the importance which it attaches to their study. True, all this work is only *preparatory* to reading, but it is believed to be essential. The vocabulary of First and Second, and even of Third Readers, is a mere introduction to that which is used in ordinary books, so that its acquisition is only a preparation for the work of the more advanced books of the series.

The number of word-forms in common use is very much larger than is generally supposed, and their mastery is the result of conscious and systematic study, rather than of indefinite and spasmodic effort. In the first three books of this series, the pupil comes in contact with some three thousand word-forms, and in the Fourth Book he increases this vocabulary to some five thousand words, — quite a large number, indeed, but, in fact, not more than one half the number he must command in order to read the books used in Grammar Schools.

For many years the Fourth Readers generally in use in this country have been made up of isolated and wholly unrelated selections. Besides, many of these have been criticised for the difficulty of their language and thought as compared with those found in the third books of the same series. For these reasons, many teachers have protested against the use of Fourth Readers, and, as a consequence, a strange assortment of papers, pamphlets, and books has displaced the regular

readers in some schools. This arrangement has not realized the expectations of its advocates, for the simple reason that the pupil was set to skimming over many pages, guessing at words that he did not know, and thus cultivating slipshod habits of reading and study.

A careful examination of this book will show that it is not open to the objections cited above. Its matter is included under some one of the following topics: Tales and Myths, Geography and History, Songs, Narratives, Fables and Allegories, Science, Brave Deeds in Verse and Prose. In short, in the arrangement of its material, the plan of the Third Reader of this series has been followed.

The topics mentioned above are a guarantee that the lessons afford both *continuity* and *variety* of matter. Careful gradation has been kept in mind constantly. A glance at the close of any lesson will show that the number of *new* words taught is comparatively small, and that both their pronunciation and meaning receive due attention.

The interests of the learner have been consulted, not only in the arrangement of the matter, but also in its selection. The lessons are believed to be interesting and instructive in themselves, and introductory to some books that pupils should be encouraged to read for themselves. In fact, the purpose of the higher numbers of this series is to furnish good reading matter, bring its sources to the attention of the pupils, and stimulate them to read the whole of the book from which each selection is taken.

The names of the authors, and the books from which many lessons have been drawn, are given. It is suggested that since these books will afford the choicest supplemental reading, they should be found in every school library. Certainly many pupils will be interested in the perusal of some of the following books, from which extended quotations have been made:

Harding's "Greek Gods, Heroes, and Men," "The City of the Seven Hills"; Asbjörnson's "Tales of the North"; Guerber's "Story of the Thirteen Colonies"; Scudder's "Short History of the United States"; Franklin's "Autobiography"; Kingsley's "Madame How and Lady Why"; Buckley's "Fairyland of Science"; Sewell's "Black Beauty"; and the works of Andersen, the Grimms, Louisa M. Alcott, and others.

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PREPARATORY LESSONS.

I. SPOKEN WORDS AND ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

We express our thoughts by the use of words. In childhood we learned *spoken* words, and by their use we are now able to make our thoughts known to persons who understand our language.

There are many thousands of words in our language, all of which are composed of some forty-five simple or ELEMENTARY sounds. In pronouncing the six words, *owe*, *no*, *toe*, *own*, *tone*, *note*, only three elementary sounds are employed, — namely, those of *ō*, *n*, and *t*.

In speaking, the lips, tongue, and other organs of speech change their relative positions, and we notice that the resulting sounds differ in quality. In the spoken word *his*, the first sound is pure breath, the second is pure voice, and the third is composed of voice and breath united. Therefore, the elementary sounds have been divided into VOCALS, SUBVOCALS, and ASPIRATES.

A *vocal* is an elementary sound made of pure voice or tone. A *subvocal* is an elementary sound made of voice and breath united. An *aspirate* is an elementary sound made of pure breath.

II. WRITTEN WORDS AND LETTERS.

Since we have learned to write, we may express our thoughts by either speaking or writing. In written words, **LETTERS** are used to represent the elementary sounds of spoken words. The letters used in writing or printing words are called the **ALPHABET**.

The letters which represent vocal sounds are **VOWELS**; **a, e, i, o, u**, and sometimes **w** and **y** are vowels.

The other letters of the alphabet represent sub-vocal or aspirate sounds, and are **CONSONANTS**.

In some written words certain letters do not represent elementary sounds of the spoken words; letters that do not thus represent elementary sounds are said to be **silent**, — thus **k** and **w** are silent in **know**. In the special word-lessons of this book, the *silent* letters are indicated by being printed in *italics*.

SEAT WORK.

How many letters are there in our alphabet?

Inspect the following words and write in one column the vowels and in another the consonants: **box, flung, won, punish, glimmer, hatred, clutches, depend, furry, yelling, willow, lazy, very, joke, quit.**

Copy the following words and cancel all silent letters: **sword, knight, fault, ghost, brain, groan, thigh, bruised, Maine, sweat, beaver, dreary, bustle, mists, doubtless, oatmeal.**

III. DIACRITICAL MARKS.

Since there are some forty-five elementary sounds used in the spoken words of our language, and only twenty-six letters in our alphabet, certain letters must represent more than one sound. To provide a symbol for each elementary sound, certain signs or **DIACRITICAL MARKS** are used with some letters.

Diacritical marks are used with each of the vowels, and also with the consonants **c, g, n, s,** and **x**; the other consonants are nearly uniform in the sounds represented by them, and require no special markings.

The elementary sounds of our language and the symbols which represent them are worthy of our careful study, since, without knowledge of the symbols employed in dictionaries, spellers, and readers, we cannot determine for ourselves the correct pronunciation of words.

TABLE OF DIACRITICAL MARKS.

MARKS	NAMES	AS IN	MARKS	NAMES	AS IN
ˉ	Mā'erōn	ā	˘	Tilde (tēl'dā) . . .	ẽ
˘	Brēve	ă	—	Lower bar	ṇ
^	Çir'eŭm flēx	â	⊥	Suspended bar . . .	ș
˙	Dots above	ä	—	Transverse bar . . .	ē
˘	Dots below	ạ	ç	Çê dîl'la	ç
˙	Dot above	â	±	Modified Macron . .	â
˘	Dot below	ạ			

IV. GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION.

TABLE OF VOCALS.

NAMES OF SOUNDS	SYMBOLS	NAMES OF SOUNDS	SYMBOLS
Long a . . . <i>as in</i> ate,	ā	Short i . . . <i>as in</i> it,	ĭ
Italian a . . . “ “ arm,	ä	Long o . . . “ “ old,	ō
Broad a . . . “ “ all,	a	Short o . . . “ “ on,	ɔ
Short a . . . “ “ at,	ă	Long oo . . . “ “ boot,	ōō
Flat a “ “ air,	â	Short oo . . . “ “ foot,	oo
Short Italian a “ “ ask,	â	Long u . . . “ “ use,	ū
Long e . . . “ “ eat,	ē	Short u . . . “ “ up,	ŭ
Short e . . . “ “ end,	ě	Circumflex u “ “ urge,	û
Tilde e . . . “ “ earn,	ẽ	Diphthong oi “ “ oil,	oi
Long i . . . “ “ ice,	ī	Diphthong ou “ “ our,	ou

MODIFIED LONG VOWELS: *as in* Sun'dây, bê hind',
t de'a, ô bey', ù nite', hỷ e'na.

TABLE OF VOCAL EQUIVALENTS.

a . . . <i>as in</i> what = ɔ	õ . . . <i>as in</i> sailõr = ẽ
ã . . . “ “ liär = ẽ	o . . . “ “ dọ = oō
ê . . . “ “ whêre = â	o . . . “ “ wɔlf = oo
e . . . “ “ they = ā	u . . . “ “ rŭle = oō
ĩ . . . “ “ valise = ē	u . . . “ “ full = oo
ĩ . . . “ “ gĭrl = ẽ	ȳ . . . “ “ mȳ = ī
ô . . . “ “ ôr = a	ÿ . . . “ “ sadlÿ = ĭ
ò . . . “ “ sòn = ŭ	Diphthong oy = oi; ow = ou.

TABLE OF SUBVOCALS.

b, <i>as in</i> bat, bad, bubble.	ng, <i>as in</i> sing, sang, ring.
d, “ “ did, bad, riddle.	r, “ “ rat, term, tarry.
g, “ “ go, log, Gorgon.	th, “ “ the, with, that.
j, “ “ jug, just, enjoy.	v, “ “ vine, very, give.
l, “ “ lip, lily, lively.	w, “ “ we, wet, will.
m, “ “ man, member.	y, “ “ yes, yet, young.
n, “ “ not, money.	z, “ “ zone, zigzag.

s or si, *as in* pleasure, measure, vision = sound of zh.

TABLE OF ASPIRATES.

f, <i>as in</i> fan, half, fifty.	t, <i>as in</i> tin, pit, strut.
h, “ “ hat, hold, beheld.	th, “ “ thin, thick, fifth.
k, “ “ kind, like, kick.	sh, “ “ she, shall, blush.
p, “ “ pin, help, peep.	ch, “ “ child, march.
s, “ “ sit, picks, decks.	wh = hw, <i>as in</i> wheat.

SUBVOCAL AND ASPIRATE EQUIVALENTS.

ç . . <i>as in</i> <u>n</u> içe	= s	ş . . . <i>as in</i> ha <u>ş</u>	= z
e . . “ “ eat	= k	x . . . “ “ ox	= ks
çh . . “ “ ma <u>ç</u> hine	= sh	<u>x</u> . . . “ “ e <u>x</u> ist	= gz
ğ . . “ “ a <u>ğ</u> e	= j	ph . . “ “ Ra <u>l</u> ph	= f
<u>n</u> . . “ “ thi <u>n</u> k	= ng	qu . . “ “ qui <u>t</u> e	= kw

In the Word Exercises of this book *italics* are used to indicate *silent* letters; therefore, respelling to indicate pronunciation is necessary only in rare cases.

V. EXERCISES IN SOUNDS AND SYMBOLS.

The exercises suggested below are all based on the Guide to Pronunciation. These exercises should be studied and mastered by all pupils.

EXERCISE 1.

How many symbols are used in the Table of Vowels? Give the sound indicated by each symbol.

Copy in a column all the symbols used in the Table of Vowels, and opposite each symbol write three words that contain the sound indicated.

EXERCISE 2.

In the Table of Vowels how many sounds are indicated by **a** and its markings? How many by **e**? By **i**? By **o** and **oo**? By **u**? By **y**?

What are the uses of the Macron and Breve?

EXERCISE 3.

Read the Table of Vocal Equivalents; thus: **a** *dot below*, as in **wh^{at}**, equals the sound of *short o*; *tilde a*, as in **li^{är}**, equals the sound of *tilde e*, etc.

Copy the following words and mark vowels to indicate pronunciation: **brave**, **branch**, **Anna**, **arm-chair**, **altar**, **watch**, **Friday**, **eager**, **ever**, **there**, **obey**,

police, fireside, invisible, thirst, October, odor, before, northward, none, other, prove, proof, good, woman.

EXERCISE 4.

Read the Table of Subvocals, giving first the sound represented by each subvocal, and then pronouncing clearly and distinctly the illustrative words.

Give the subvocal sounds indicated by **ng**, **th**, and **zh** (such combinations of letters are called DIGRAPHS; they represent elementary sounds).

How is **th** marked to indicate a subvocal sound?

EXERCISE

Read the Table of Aspirates. Give the sounds represented by the digraphs **ch**, **sh**, **th**, **wh**.

Pronounce: **whip, whirl, whale, whence, whilst, wharf, whether, whisper.** (*Caution:* Do not omit the sound of **h** in words of this class.)

EXERCISE 6.

What is meant by subvocal and aspirate equivalents? Do **c**, **x**, and **q** have sounds of their own? For what other letters are they used as *equivalents*?

Copy the following words, using all the diacritical marks necessary to indicate correct pronunciation: **account, accept, circle, cellar, church, crouch, gem, germ, manage, engine, genuine, ink, uncle, anger, mingle, cause, cousin, chisel, exact, examine, example.**

VI. SYLLABLES AND ACCENTS.

A SYLLABLE is a word, or the part of a word, that is uttered by one impulse of the voice.

In pronouncing words of more than one syllable, we do not give each syllable equal force or stress of voice. The greater stress of voice which distinguishes one syllable from another syllable in the same word is called ACCENT.

In written words, an accented syllable may be indicated by placing an accent mark to the right and a little above it, thus: ap'ple, ap ply', mem'o ry, a muse'ment, i'dle ness.

Many words of three or more syllables have two syllables accented, thus: in'tro duce', dis'ap pear', dec'la ra'tion, in'de pend'ence. In these words the greater force, or *primary* accent, is indicated by the heavier mark; the other mark indicates the weaker, or *secondary* accent.

SEAT WORK.

Copy these words, dividing them into syllables, and indicating the accented syllables: flowers, pansy, daisy, buttercup, dandelion, familiar, journey, joyous, fashion, fancies, freedom, conversation, guarded, buildings, carriages, machinery, misfortune, motionless, occupation, shoemaker, conductor, manufacturer, book-keeper, machinist.

VII. WORD STUDY.

Good oral reading requires CORRECT PRONUNCIATION. Therefore, the study of both written and spoken words is essential in the preparation of a reading lesson. Attention is directed to the WORD EXERCISES at the close of the lessons throughout this book. These exercises include all the words not used in the previous lessons of this series of readers; they should be carefully studied.

EXERCISES IN PRONUNCIATION.

With careful attention to the markings, pronounce the following words: eătch, stămp, tăś'sel, Ā'rab, răşp'běr rŷ, rěb'el, kět'tle, chick'ën, kitch'ën, mīt'tën, dĩ rēet', ĩ tăl'ies, tĩ'nŷ, sĭr'ŭp, pō'ēm, fŏr gět', äets, sĭxth, fĭfths, ōn'lŷ, flŏ'rĭst, nŏth'ĭng, hŏv'ēr, dŏn'keŷ.

Caution. — Distinguish the sounds of *ö* and *a* in the following: dŏg, lŏg, eöst, gŏne, eöff'fee, eöff'fin, à eröss', hăwk, eăught, quărtěr, său'çěr, dăugh'těr, făult'lěss, bĕ eăuse'.

Caution. — Make a clear distinction between *ō* and *ū*: sŏon, rŏof, rŏot, hŏop, trŭe, trŭths, tŭne, tŭbe, flŭte, sŭit, blŭe, beăŭ'tŷ, dŭ'tŷ, dŭr'ĭng, stŭ'dent.

Caution. — Note that each of the following words contains one or more silent letters: ōf'ten, sŏf'ten, lĭs'ten, mois'ten, chĕst'nŭt, hĕrb, hĕrb'ăge, hŏn'ŏr, fŏre'hĕad, ehŏ'rŭs, ě_x hĭb'ĭt, ě_x hăust'.



FOURTH BOOK.

PART I.



TALES AND MYTHS FROM MANY LANDS.

I. THE HERO AND THE BROKEN SWORD.

1. "Tell us a story, Uncle John; please tell us a story," pleaded Willis.

2. "Oh, yes, Uncle John, as good as the one you told us last night," said little Alice.

3. "Well, now," said Uncle John, "what kind of story shall it be?"

4. "A war story!" cried Willis. "Yes, a war story about a brave man," answered Alice, as she climbed upon her uncle's knee.

5. "Well, I will tell you a story about a war which occurred a great many years ago,—before people ever dreamed about great cannons and war ships such as we have now. It was even before gunpowder was used.

6. "In those days, when men went out to fight, they were dressed from head to foot in suits of mail,

and they carried for weapons, swords and battle-axes, and sometimes they used long spears.

7. "When the battle of which I am to tell you was raging at its fiercest, and the men on both sides were fighting desperately, the army, led by a brave young Prince, was seen to falter. Slowly, but surely, the enemy seemed to be surrounding it. The Prince's men, believing they were beaten, began to lose hope and then to retreat. What was the use of fighting longer, they thought, when in the end they were sure to lose?"

8. "At one end of the battlefield a knight stood watching the fight. He saw his Prince's men hard pressed by the enemy, and looking down at his sword, said to himself, 'If I had a right good sword, a keen Damascus blade like the one the Prince carries, I would rush into the thickest of the fight. But what can I do with this blunt thing?'"

9. "Then without giving it another glance, he suddenly broke it, and flung the pieces down, and, like the coward he was, stole quietly away and left his comrades fighting.

10. "In the meantime the Prince had been wounded. He had lost his weapons in the fight, and it seemed to him that the battle, too, was lost. What could the brave Prince do? He was tired, wounded, and without weapons.

11. "Suddenly he caught sight of the broken sword lying where the cowardly knight had thrown it on the sand. Snatching it up, he rushed in front of his men, shouting, 'On! On, men, to victory!'

12. "His men, when they heard his brave voice, and saw their Prince who they thought had fallen in the fight, leading them once more, rushed with him against the enemy, and after a hard, fierce struggle won the day."

13. "When I am a man," said Willis, "I want to be brave like the Prince."

14. "Why not begin now, my boy?" said Uncle John: "The world needs brave boys as much as it needs brave men. There are battles for each one of us to fight which must be fought with other weapons than swords or guns."

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. Learn these new words:

wòn	knight	cow'ārd	eăn'nònḡ
swōrd	flūḡ	eôm'rādeḡ	gūn'pow dēr
lōḡe	blūnt	strūḡ'gle	vīe'tō rỹ

II. Words defined: (7) dēs'pēr āte lỹ, in a desperate manner, furiously; (7) fał'tēr, hesitate; (7) rē trēat', fall back; (8) Dā-mās'eūs, a city in Sýr'i ā, Asia; it is one of the oldest cities in the world, and was noted for the fine quality of the swords made there.

TO PUPILS: The numbers refer to paragraphs of lessons.

II. A WISE KING.

1. There is a story told of a King who lived long ago in a country across the sea. He was a very wise King and spared no effort to teach his people good habits. Often he did things which seemed to them strange and useless, when he thought, that by so doing, he could teach them to be industrious and careful.

2. "Nothing good can come to a nation," said he, "whose people are idle and thriftless. God gives the good things of life to the busy workers."

3. One night, while others slept, he rolled a large stone into the middle of the driveway near his palace, and the next day watched to see what the people who passed by would do.

4. First came a farmer with his wagon heavily loaded with grain which he was taking to the mill to be ground. "Well, who ever saw such carelessness!" said he, crossly, as he turned his team and drove around the stone. "Why do not these lazy people have that stone taken from the road?" And so he went on complaining of the laziness of others, but not touching the stone himself.

5. Soon after a gay young soldier came singing along the road. The long plume of his cap waved in the breeze, and a bright sword hung at his side.

He was thinking the while of the wonderful bravery he would show in the war.

6. The soldier did not see the stone, but struck his foot against it and went sprawling in the dust. He rose to his feet, shook the dust from his clothes, picked up his sword, and stormed angrily about the lazy people who had no more sense than to leave such a stone in the road. Then he, too, walked away, not once thinking that he might move it himself.

7. So all that day and for many days, the stone lay there. Many passed, but each in turn went around the stone, wondering why such an obstacle should be left in the way of travelers. But not one of them stopped to lift it or roll it aside, so that it might not hinder his neighbor.

8. After a time the King called the people together. The farmer, the soldier, and all who had gone over the road were there ; and they wondered what the King had to say to them this time.

9. When the King rode to the place where the stone lay, he dismounted from his horse, and, placing his hands on the stone, rolled it over. Beneath it was a small metal box, and a paper on which was written :

“FOR HIM WHO LIFTS THE STONE.”

10. "My friends," said the King, "I put that stone in the road to see what my people would do with it. Each one of you has passed by and found fault with his neighbor, instead of laying manfully hold of it and thus finding his reward.

"Now, God has put obstacles and burdens in our way. We may walk around them if we choose, or lift them and find out what they mean. Disappointment is usually the price of laziness."

11. Then the wise King mounted his horse, and, with a polite "good morning," rode away. The people saw their mistake, and went to their homes pondering over the lesson the King had taught them.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. Learn these new words:

fault	rẽ wãrd'	lã'zĩ nẽss	sprãw'ling
ẽf'fort(-fũrt)	mount'ẽd	brãv'ẽr ỹ	cãre'lẽss nẽss
pãl'ãçe	dĩs mount'ẽd	mãn'ful ỹ	dĩs ăp point'ment

II. Words defined: (1) In dũs'tri oũs, *given to industry, busy*; (2) thrift'lẽss, *without thrift, not prosperous*; (7) ỏb'stãle, *that which stands in the way of, or opposes*; (10) u'su al ly (ũ'zhũ al ỹ), *commonly*; (11) pũn'dẽr ing, *thinking*.

III. Explain: (6) "stormed augrily." (9) What do you think was in the small metal box? Why? (10) "found fault." (10) "the price of laziness." (11) What is "the lesson the King had taught them"? The pupil will no doubt recall the stories of another "wise King," beginning on page 148 of the Third Reader of this series.

III. HOW THOR CAME BY HIS HAMMER.

For an account of Thor, see page 229 of the Third Reader of this series. The following story is one of many legends or myths that have come to us from the Norsemen.



1. Thor had a very beautiful wife, named Sif, whom he loved dearly. She had lovely golden hair, which hung in long, wavy locks about her head. Thor was very proud of her golden hair, and the other gods knew it.

2. Now Loki was a mischief-making god who sometimes came to Thor's castle. He loved nothing better than to play tricks on those about him, and very often got himself and others into trouble by his pranks. He was not always kind, — indeed, very

often he was quite cruel; and when he got some one else into deep trouble, laughed heartily at his plight.

3. Once when Thor had gone on one of his long journeys to visit the Mountain Giants, Loki came to Thor's castle in the sky. As he stepped on the porch, he saw Sif lying asleep. Her beautiful golden hair lay loose over the pillow.

4. "Now for some fun," said Loki. "I will cut off Sif's hair while she sleeps, and then see how angry Thor will be." So he went very cautiously to Sif's side, cut off the lovely golden tresses and ran away with them.

5. Poor Sif felt very badly when, on waking, she found that all her beautiful locks had been stolen while she slept.

6. By and by Thor came home and found her weeping bitterly over the loss. Then, indeed, Thor was very angry; so angry that even the fun-loving Loki was frightened and tried to avoid meeting him. But he could not long hide from Thor, who was searching everywhere for him. "No one but Loki would do such a thing," said he, "and I shall punish him for it."

7. After a while Thor found Loki. "Did you cut off Sif's beautiful hair?" said he. Loki, seeing that he had been fairly caught, acknowledged that it was he who did the mischief.

8. "Then," said Thor, "you must pay for it," and, taking hold of Loki, he shook him severely until he promised to bring something to take the place of the golden locks he had so cruelly cut off.

9. Loki was very much troubled for a time, wondering what he could bring Sif that would be as beautiful as her hair. At last he thought of his friends, the dwarfs, who lived deep down in the ground. These dwarfs were tiny little men who worked constantly, always doing good and wonderful things for others. And so when they saw Loki in trouble, they set to work at once to help him out of the difficulty.

10. Loki said, "Can you not make me a crown of golden thread that will grow like real hair?" "Yes," said the dwarfs, "we can." All night long these busy little men worked, and, when the light of day came, the crown was finished.

11. All the gods lived in Asgard, and thither Loki carried the crown and gave it to Thor, who set it on Sif's head. "It is very wonderful," said all the gods.

12. A little dwarf named Brok was standing near and said, "I will make something for Thor just as wonderful as the crown of golden hair." Loki and the other gods laughed at him. "Let us see what you can make," said they.

13. So Brok went down into the ground where the dwarfs work, and told his brother what had been said. "We will let them see," said he, and to work they went in earnest.

14. Loki turned himself into a fly and tormented little Brok, hoping thus to prevent him from doing his best work ; but Brok worked on faithfully until the wonderful hammer was finished. When the hammer was finished Brok took it as a gift to Thor, and the gods said it was even more wonderful than the crown of golden thread which grew like real hair.

15. "It is not a true story," some boy or girl who reads this book may say. Yes, it is a true story, and just as true to-day as it was hundreds of years ago when the Norse fathers told it to their children in the long winter evenings as they sat about the fire.

16. For Thor, you remember, was the god of thunder and heat, and Sif, his beautiful wife, was the earth. The wavy grass which the summer sun turned golden in color was the hair of which Thor was so proud ; and the dry, hot wind was Loki, the god who did so much mischief and carried away Sif's hair.

17. The busy little dwarfs down under the ground were the roots, which drew the sun's heat down and

then after a while gave it back ; just as the Norsemen said the hammer always returned to Thor's hand of its own accord.

18. We enjoy the beautiful stories which the old Norsemen have left us, but are you not glad that we live in a time when more of the truth is known about the earth and all living things, than they knew then ?

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. Learn these new words :

pōrch	pūn'ish	trēss'ēs	thīth'ēr
dwarfs	ān'grŷ	erū'el lŷ	prē vēnt'

II. Words defined : (2) Lō'kī, *the god of strife and mischief* ; (4) eāu'tious ly (-shūs lŷ), *in a cautious manner, prudently* ; (7) āe knōwl'ēdged, *owned or admitted* ; (9) eōn'stant lŷ, *steadily* ; (11) Ās'gārd, *the home of the Scandinavian gods* ; it was in the middle of the world and was connected with the earth by the rainbow ; (14) tōr mēnt'ēd, *teased, vexed*.

IV. HOW THE SUN, MOON, AND WIND DINED.

This story is a myth from India. In that country the rays of the sun are scorching hot, and sometimes burning winds sweep over the land. So in India the cool shades of the night are ever welcome after the long, hot days.

1. One day Sun, Moon, and Wind went out to dine with their uncle and aunt, Thunder and Lightning. Their mother, one of the most distant Stars

far up in the sky, waited alone for her children's return.

2. Now both Sun and Wind were greedy and selfish. They enjoyed the great feast that had been prepared for them without a thought of saving any of it to take home to their mother. But the gentle Moon did not forget her. Of every dainty dish that was brought around, she took a small portion and placed it in a quaint little satchel which she carried at her side.

3. On their return, their mother, who had kept watch for them all night long with her little bright eye, said, "Well, children, what have you brought home for me?"

4. Then Sun, who was eldest, said: "I have brought nothing home for you. I went out to enjoy myself with my friends, not to fetch a dinner for my mother."

5. Then his brother Wind spoke up: "Neither have I brought anything home for you, mother. You could hardly expect me to bring a collection of good things for you to eat when I went out merely for my own pleasure."

6. But Moon said: "Mother, bring a plate and see what I have brought you." Opening her satchel, she took out such a choice dinner as never was seen before.

7. Then Star turned to Sun and said: "Because you went out to amuse yourself with your friends, and feasted and enjoyed yourself without any thought of your mother at home, this shall be your fate: Henceforth your rays shall ever be hot and scorching, and shall burn all that they touch. And men shall flee from you, and cover their heads when you appear."

And that is why the sun is so hot to this day.

8. Then she turned to Wind and said: "Since you forgot your mother in the midst of your selfish pleasures, hear your doom: You shall always blow in the hot, dry weather, and shall parch and shrivel all living things."

And that is why the hot wind does so much damage.

9. But to Moon she said: "Daughter, because you remembered your mother, and kept for her a share in your own enjoyment, henceforth you shall be ever cool and calm and bright; men shall love your pure rays and always call you 'blessed.'"

And that is why the moon's light is so soft and cool and beautiful even to this day.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

quāint	sātch'ēl	prē pāred'	hēnge fōrth'
mīdst	seōrch'īng	dāin'tŷ	eōl lēe'tiōn
pārch	shriv'ēl	blēss'ēd	ēn joy'ment

V. THE WIND AND THE MOON.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.



The author of these verses was born in Scotland in 1824. During his early life he was a clergyman. When in later life he turned his attention almost exclusively to literary labors, he merely preached with his pen to a vastly wider congregation, — nearly all his stories and poems, for old and young alike, embody or suggest lessons in morals or religion. The *form* of this poem is peculiar. The arrangement of the longer and shorter lines is intended to give a whimsical effect in harmony with the sportive fancy of the subject-matter.

1. Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out!
 You stare
 In the air
 Like a ghost in the chair,
 Always looking what I am about —
 I hate to be watched ; I'll blow you out."
2. The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon ;
 So deep
 On a heap
 Of cloudless sleep
 Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,
 Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

3. He turned in his bed ; she was there again !
 On high
 In the sky,
 With her ghost eye,
 The Moon shone white and alive and plain ;
 Said the Wind, " I'll blow you out again."

4. He blew, and he blew, and the thread was gone.
 In the air
 Nowhere
 Was a moonbeam bare ;
 Far off and silent the shy stars shone —
 Sure and certain the Moon was gone !

5. The Wind he took to his revels once more ;
 On down,
 In town,
 Like a merry, mad clown,
 He leaped and hallooed with whistle and roar ;
 "What's that?" — The glittering thread once more.

6. He flew in a rage — he danced and he blew ;
 But in vain
 Was the pain
 Of his bursting brain ;
 For still broader the moon-scap grew,
 The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

7. Slowly she grew — till she filled the night,
 And shone
 On her throne
 In the sky alone,
 A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
 Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.
8. Said the Wind: "What a marvel of power am I!
 With my breath,
 Good faith,
 I blew her to death —
 First blew her away right out of the sky —
 Then blew her in; what a strength am I!"
9. But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair,
 For, high
 In the sky,
 With her one white eye,
 Motionless, miles above the air,
 She had never heard the great Wind blare.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

shŷ	elown	stāre	mūt'tēr ing
ghōst	brāin	thrōne	glīm'mēr ing

II. Words defined: (2) slūm'bēred, *slept*; (5) rēv'ēlŷ, *a noisy, joyous feast*; (5) down, *a tract of poor, sandy land near the sea*; (5) hāl lōēd', *cried out*; (7) māteh'lēss, *having no equal*;

- (7) *rā'dīant*, *beaming with brightness*; (8) *mār'vël*, *a wonder*;
 (9) *āf fāir'*, *matter*; (9) *blāre*, *sound loudly and harshly*.

III. Word analysis: What syllable in common has each of these words: cloudless, matchless, motionless? In these words *less* is a suffix, and means *without*.

What syllable in common has each of these words: watched, slumbered, turned, leaped, swelled, filled? In these words *ed* is a suffix, and means *did*.

What syllable is common to each of these words: looking, muttering, glittering, bursting? In these words *ing* is a suffix and means *continuing*.

A **SUFFIX** is a letter or letters added to the end of a word to modify its meaning.

VI. THE MAN, THE DRAGON, AND THE FOX.

BY P. C. ASBJÖRNSEN.

This story was written by one of the most popular authors of Norway. His "Tales from the Far North" is a rich mine of the folklore of his native country, and has delighted both young and old in his own and other countries. Compare this story with the one found on page 231 of the Third Reader of this series.

1. There was once a man who went into the woods to make rails. But he did not find any trees which were as large and straight as he wanted until he got to a rocky place, where he heard groans and moans as of some one in great pain. So he went to see who it was that needed help.

2. He found that the groans came from under a big slab among the bowlders. The slab was so heavy that it would take many men to lift it. But

the man went into the wood and cut down a tree, which he used as a lever to raise the slab.

3. From under it there came a great dragon, who, on seeing the man, threatened to eat him. But the man said that he had saved the dragon's life, and, therefore, it was base ingratitude for the dragon to treat him so.

4. "Maybe," said the dragon; "but you can easily understand that I am hungry since I have lain here many years and tasted no food. Besides, it often happens in this world that the strong oppress the weak."

5. The man begged and prayed for his life, and so they agreed that the first being they met should decide between them. If he should decide against the dragon, the man should not lose his life; but, if he agreed with him, the dragon was to be at liberty to devour the man.

6. First, they met an old dog that was walking along the road on the hillside. They spoke to him, and asked him to act as judge.

7. "I have served my master faithfully since I was a pup," said the dog. "I have watched many a night and many a time while he has been sound asleep, and I have saved the house and barn from fire and thieves more than once. But now, when I can neither see nor hear so well as I once could,

he wants to shoot me. So I ran away; I knock about from place to place, begging my way, but one day I shall die of hunger. But I will not complain,—that is the reward one gets in this world.”

8. “Then I’ll eat you!” said the dragon, who was about to swallow the man; but the man spoke up so well for himself and begged so hard for his life, that the dragon agreed to ask the next being they met to decide between them.

9. Just then an old horse came dragging himself along the road. They laid the case before him, and asked him to judge between them.

10. “Well, I have served my master as long as I was able to draw and carry,” said the horse. “I have slaved and worked for him till the sweat streamed from every hair, and I have served faithfully until I have become stiff and worn out with work and age. Now I am fit for nothing, so I am to have a bullet, says my master,—but that is the reward one gets in this world.”

11. “Then I’ll eat you!” said the dragon, opening his jaws wide to swallow the man. He again begged and prayed hard for his life, but the dragon said he was so hungry that he could not wait any longer.

12. “Look! there’s some one coming, as if he were sent to be our judge,” said the man. Just then Reynard came toward them, making his way be-

tween the great boulders. "Good things come in threes," said the man. "Let us ask him to judge between us; if he is of the same opinion as the others, you shall eat me on the spot."

13. "Very well," said the dragon. He also had heard that all good things come in threes, and so he agreed to that. The man addressed the fox and presented the case as he had done to the others.

14. "Yes, yes," said the fox; "but this is a case which can only be settled on the spot itself, my dear dragon. I cannot get into my head how so large and mighty an animal as yourself could find room under that slab."

15. "Well, I was lying up here sunning myself," said the dragon, "when an avalanche came down the mountain and turned the slab over me."

16. "That is very possible," said Reynard; "but I cannot understand it, nor will I believe it until I see it."

17. So the man said they had better try it, and the dragon slipped into the hole again, and at that very moment the man pulled away the lever, and the slab shut down on the dragon with a bang.

18. "You may lie there till doomsday," said the fox; "since you had no pity on the man who saved you." The dragon yelled and groaned and prayed for himself, but the other two went their way.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

gróanš	slāb	ōp prēss'	būl'lēt
mōanš	bōwl'dēr	thrēat'ened	pōs'si ble

II. Words defined: (2) lē'vēr, a bar of metal or wood used to support or move a weight; (3) In grāt'i tūde, want of gratitude, without regard for favors received; (3) drāg'ōn, an imaginary monster; (13) ād drēssed'(t), spoke to; (13) prē sēnt'ēd, laid before; (15) āv'ā lānche, a large body of ice and snow sliding down a mountain side; (18) dōoms'dāy, the day of final judgment.

VII. THE BEAR AND THE FOX.

BY P. C. ASBJÖRNSSEN.

I. AS PARTNERS.

1. Once the fox and the bear made up their minds to have a field in common. They found a small clearing far away in the forest, in which they sowed rye the first year.

2. "Now we must share and share alike," said Reynard. "If you will have the roots, I will have the tops," he said.

3. Bruin agreed to this arrangement; but when they had harvested the crop, the fox got all the grain while the bear got nothing but the roots. Bruin didn't like this, but Reynard said it was just as they had agreed.

4. "This year I am the gainer," said the fox. "Another year it will be your turn; you can then have the tops, and I will be satisfied with the roots."

5. Next spring the fox asked the bear if he didn't think turnips would be the right thing for that year. "Yes, they are better food than rye;" and the fox thought the same.

6. When the autumn came, the fox took the turnips, but the bear got only the tops. As the bear did not relish these two jokes, he parted company with Reynard then and there.

II. PAYING OLD SCORES.

7. One day the bear was eating a horse which he had killed. Reynard came along by chance, and his mouth watered at the sight of the great feast which lay before the bear.

8. He sneaked in and out and round about till he came up behind the bear; then he made a spring to the other side of the carcass, snatching a piece as he jumped across.

9. The bear was not slow, either; he made a dash after Reynard and caught the tip of his red tail in his paw, — since that time the fox has always had a white tip to his tail.

10. "Wait a bit, Reynard, and come here," said



the bear; "I'll teach you how to catch horses." Reynard was quite willing to learn that, but he didn't trust himself too near the bear.

11. "When you see a horse lying asleep in a sunny place," said the bear, "you must tie yourself fast with the hair of his tail to your brush, and then fasten your teeth in his thigh."

12. Before long the fox found a horse lying asleep on a sunny hillside. So he did as the bear had told him, and knotted and tied himself securely to the horse's tail; this done, he fastened his teeth in his thigh.

13. Up jumped the horse and began to kick and gallop, so that Reynard was dashed against sticks and stones, and was so bruised and battered that he nearly lost his senses. Just then a hare rushed by. "Where are you off to in such a hurry, Reynard?" said the hare.

14. "I'm having a ride, Bunny!" said the fox. Thereupon the hare sat up on his hind legs and laughed until the sides of his mouth split right up to his ears, at the thought of Reynard having so grand a ride; but since then the fox has never thought of catching horses. So for once Bruin had the better of Reynard.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

thigh	bruised	tûr'nîps	âr rânge'ment
snéaked(t)	gâin'ër	knôt'tëd	së eûre'lÿ

II. Words defined: (1) elëar'îng, *a tract of land recently cleared of wood*; (3) hâr'vëst ëd, *cut and gathered*; (6) rêl'îsh, *enjoy*; (8) eâr'eass, *a dead body*; (11) brûsh, *the tail of a fox*; (13) bät'tëred, *beaten by frequent blows*.

NOTE TO TEACHER. — It will be interesting to compare the last story with the one about "Brother Fox and Mr. Hare," told by Joel Chandler Harris in "Nights with Uncle Remus." The similarity between the Norwegian tale and the one which Mr. Harris assures us has been told for many years on the plantations of the South is most striking and interesting. This similarity is a good illustration of the fact that the myths and folklore of all nations contain much in common.

VIII. HELIOS, THE SUN-GOD.

(AN ANCIENT GRECIAN MYTH.)

For a brief account of the ancient Greeks, see page 220 of the Third Reader of this series. The following lesson illustrates the fanciful way in which the Greeks explained and accounted for many of the facts of nature.

1. The ancient Greeks did not know that the earth is round. They believed it to be flat, and that the sun moved over it each day from east to west. They thought that each morning the goddess of the Dawn threw open the eastern gates of the sky, and the golden chariot of the sun rolled out. This was drawn by twelve swift horses, and was so brilliant that men's eyes could not bear to look at it. In the chariot stood the god Helios, with the rays of the sun flaming around his head.

2. It took great skill to drive the chariot on its long day's journey. Helios had to guide it with much care, so as not to drive too near the earth and scorch it. The way during the morning was up a steep ascent.

3. At noon the chariot reached the summit of the course, and began to descend toward the west. The way then was rough, and the descent so steep that the horses were in danger of falling headlong. But the journey was always finished in safety, and the weary horses entered the gates of the Evening.

4. There were two beautiful palaces for Helios, one in the east at the gates of the Dawn, and the other in the west at the gates of the Evening. To get from his western palace back to his palace at the gates of the Dawn, Helios, with his horses and the chariot of the sun, was obliged to sail underneath the world during the night in a golden boat.

5. Helios had a son named Phaethon, who wished greatly to drive the chariot of the sun, and begged his father to allow him to guide it for one day. The god at first refused, saying, —

“Only my hands are strong enough to drive those spirited horses upon that dangerous road.”

6. But Phaethon would not be denied. He begged until at last his father consented. Helios placed the young man in the flaming chariot, and fastened the burning rays of the sun around his forehead. Then, as Dawn opened the eastern gates, the horses sprang forward.

7. But they soon felt that their master's hands were not upon the reins. Phaethon was much too weak to guide the twelve strong horses. They dashed from the track downward toward the earth, setting fire to mountain tops and forests, and boiling the water in the rivers and brooks. Then they whirled up among the stars, burning them and setting the very heavens on fire.

8. When Helios saw what terrible mischief was being done, he begged Zeus for aid. To save the world from being destroyed, Zeus hurled a mighty thunderbolt at Phaethon, which struck him and knocked him headlong from the sky. Then he sent a great rain, which lasted many days.

9. Finally, when the flames were out, the gods saw how great the damage was. Whole countries were left bare and blackened; and though the plants soon began to grow again almost everywhere, some places are barren to this day. And some races of men were so scorched by the great heat that the color of their skins has remained black or brown ever since.

FROM "GREEK GODS, HEROES, AND MEN,"
Published by SCOTT, FORESMAN & COMPANY, CHICAGO.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

reing	före'hëad	dë niéd'	Hë'li ös
seôrch	sâfe'tÿ	äs çënt'	Phä'ë thõn
knöcked(t)	bär'ren	dë scënt'	chär'I öt

II. Words defined: (1) brîlliant (-yant), *very bright, glittering*; (5) spîr'it ëd, *lively, full of fire or spirit*; (5) dän'gër öus, *full of danger* (the suffix *ous* means *full of*); (8) thün'dër bölt, *a shaft of lightning*; (8) Zeüs, *the king of the gods of ancient Greece*; he ruled over the land and the air.

III. Directions: Copy the sentences in which these words occur, using in their places other words of similar meaning:—
(1) brilliant, (3) summit, (3) descent, (5) spirited, (5) dangerous, (9) finally, (9) damage.

IX. AN INDIAN STORY.

1. More than a hundred years ago, an old hunter and trapper made his home at the northern end of the great lakes. For years he had studied the cunning ways of the beaver, the otter, the mink, and the marten, until he knew just where and how to set his traps for these furry creatures.

2. Every year the old hunter, Thomas by name, carried the skins which he had collected the winter before to the nearest trading post down the lakes. There he sold his load of furs and bought his supplies of powder and lead, and many other things which he needed in his lonely cabin. At one time he bought a pair of skates, which he thought would be useful when the ice was smooth.

3. One very cold, clear day he went to visit some traps which he had set almost twenty miles north of his cabin. He skated along the shore of the lake as far as he could, and then took off his skates and put on his snowshoes in order to reach the traps, which were a mile or two from the shore.

4. Suddenly his good dog Bruno, that had been running ahead on a deer track, stopped and began to growl. Before Thomas could carry his rifle to his shoulder, he was surrounded by Indians who

had sprung from their hiding places in the thicket, brandishing their tomahawks and yelling fiercely.

5. The old man was brave, but he was not rash enough to fight against such odds; so he laid down his rifle and folded his arms. He knew but little of their language, and they could speak even less of his; but by signs and motions, he let them know that he was not on the warpath and meant them no harm.

6. When they understood this, the Indians ceased to threaten him. They were much interested in his arms and dress, for they had seen but few white men. They knew all about the snowshoes, but the skates puzzled them.

7. As the hunter saw their curiosity, a happy thought occurred to him, and his gray eyes twinkled merrily. "Ice moccasins," he said, putting a skate to his foot, and making with his hands the motion that the feet take in skating.

8. "Ugh!" grunted the Indian chief, pointing to the narrow blade of the skate and shaking his head. As plainly as looks could do it, he made the hunter understand that he was not so foolish as to believe that anybody could stand upon those things. As they were near the ice, Thomas proposed to fasten them on a young brave for trial.

9. The Indians welcomed the plan with glee, for they are great lovers of sport. Selecting a courageous



young fellow, the chief bade him put out his feet, which he did rather suspiciously. The skates were soon strapped on, and the young brave was helped to his feet.

10. The ice was like glass, and, as he started to move, his feet flew from under him, and down he came. Such shouts of laughter as the others sent up! But the young fellow was determined, and scrambled to his feet: but again and again the result was the same.

11. The chief now signaled to the hunter to show them how he used the skates. Thomas fastened them on with great care, picked up his rifle, and

pretended to support himself with it. He moved about awkwardly, and stumbled around, while the Indians laughed and capered to see the sport.

12. Gradually he moved farther away, whirling about and pretending that it was hard work to keep his balance. Suddenly he grasped his rifle firmly and dashed up the lake like an arrow.

13. If he had disappeared in the air, the Indians would not have been more astonished. Of course, they could not hope to catch him by chasing him over the glassy ice, so they stood gaping after him, wondering more and more at the magic "ice moc-casins." Nothing pleased old Thomas more in after years than to tell how he escaped from the redskins.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

mīnk	rī'fle	sniffed(t)	Thōm'as
mār'tēn	pow'dēr	grāsped(t)	Brū'nō
bēa'vēr	yēll'ing	gāp'ing	bāl'ançe
ōt'tēr	grūnt'ēd	eā'pēred	grād'ū al lŷ
fūr'rŷ	strāpped(t)	sūp pōrt'	eū rī ōs'ī tŷ

II. Words defined: (2) sūp plēs', *things needed*; (3) suōw'-shōe, *a framework of wood to be attached to the foot, and used for walking on the snow*; (4) brān'dīsh'ing, *shaking and flourishing*; (4) tōm'ā hāw'k, *a sort of hatchet used by Indians*; (5) ōddŝ, *superior numbers*; (7) mōe'cā sīn, *a shoe made of deerskin*; (10) rē ŝūlt', *effect*; (11) sig'naled, *made signs*; (13) rēd'skīng, *Indians*.

X. A RACE FOR LIFE.

1. At the time of which I am writing, Fort Benton was a trading post on the upper Missouri River. The Blackfeet Indians came to this post in large numbers. Between this tribe and the Crees there was a most bitter hostility.

2. It was understood that no Cree ever came so far south as Fort Benton, but one day, toward the latter part of the winter, an Indian appeared at the gate of the stockade and asked to be admitted.

3. The guard allowed him to enter. From his dress and the manner of wearing his hair, it appeared that he was a Cree; his name was *Stemane*. For some reason he had left his own people and was making his way, as he said, to the far South.

4. Stemane had been at the post but a few hours when a party of Blackfeet was seen riding toward the fort. Mr. Wolf, the trader in charge of the post, hastily opened the door of a back room, and bade the Cree go in there and keep quiet, if he valued his life.

5. While the trading was going on, the whites were suddenly startled by the report of a gun, followed by wild whoops and a terrible uproar. The traders rushed out to find the cause.

6. The foolish Stemane had so far allowed his curiosity to get the better of his prudence as to peep

through a little window of the back room for a look at his enemies. One of them instantly recognized him as a Cree and fired at him with a gun, which, contrary to the rules, he had brought into the fort hidden under his blanket.

7. The small high window was broken, and the Blackfeet were yelling and trying to get in, while the Cree, with an ax which he had picked up in the room, was defending his position.


8. The few soldiers of the post were instantly summoned by the drumbeat, and with their bayonets pressed back the Blackfeet from the window. Their old chief, too, helped in calling back his braves.

9. When the cause of the outbreak was explained, the chief demanded of Mr. Wolf that the Cree should be given up at once to be put to death by torture, since, as he declared, he was a spy.

10. Mr. Wolf was at his wits' end. He did not wish to give up Stemane to be tortured and burned, and he feared to offend the Blackfeet. These Indians were numerous and well armed, and the soldiers at the fort were only a handful.

11. In this dilemma he felt justified in using what might be called deception.

. "My brother speaks well," he said to the excited chief; "but with the white man's Manito this is the moon of peace, when no blood must be shed. When



next the moon is full, come to me, and I will give the Cree to you on one condition."

12. "What is that condition?" demanded the chief.

13. "The Cree," said Mr. Wolf, "must have one chance for his life. Your warriors are fleet of foot. I will set the Cree one hundred paces in front of them, and then he must run for his life."

14. The Blackfeet were famous runners, and the chief readily agreed to this condition. The Indians left the post, promising to return promptly at the appointed time.

15. After such an agreement Mr. Wolf did not dare to permit the Cree to escape, but he put him at once upon a course of hard training. He turned him out at five o'clock every morning, and had him run three times around the inside of the stockade, — a distance of fifty rods.

16. He was then fed on fresh buffalo meat, a full breakfast, and allowed to rest three hours. Then, for an hour, he was made to run at full speed around the stockade. After dinner he ran again, and at night ate a light supper before going to bed.

17. This system of training was kept up for a month, every day, rain or shine, except Sundays, when the boy enjoyed a rest. The result was very marked. The Indian came to be in splendid condi-

tion. He ran as easily as a dog, and at the end of an hour showed very little fatigue.

18. The next morning after the full moon in April, the Blackfoot chief returned with three hundred warriors of his tribe. With yells and whoops they demanded that the Cree be brought out.

19. Mr. Wolf was determined to secure fair play, and the drums beat for a parley. The trader then stated to the chief that he was ready to deliver the Cree according to promise, but that all the horses and guns of his warriors must first be brought and left inside the stockade, and that in the race the Blackfeet must carry only their knives.

20. After some discussion this was agreed to. A long rope was stretched, breast high, on the plain in front of the fort. Behind this rope the crowd of Blackfeet took their places.

21. The trader measured off a hundred paces, and two soldiers brought the Cree and placed him beside Mr. Wolf. "Now, Stemane," said he, "you must run for your life. You can outrun them. Get to your tribe and never be seen here again."

22. With these parting words, the trader raised his hand, which was the appointed signal. The rope was dropped, and, with a mighty yell, the Blackfeet sprang toward the Cree.

23. Instead of bounding away as the trader expected

he would, the poor Cree seemed overcome with fright. He faced about for an instant, and then ran zigzag.

24. In less than half a minute the Blackfeet were upon him, and had almost grasped him. Then the Cree suddenly rallied his strength; he dodged his pursuers and leaped away.

25. He soon opened a broad space between himself and the yelling Blackfeet. Three or four of these Indians followed him quite closely, but by the time they had run a mile and a half Stemane was forty rods in advance of them all.

26. He was seen to turn and shake his fist. Wheeling away again, he went skimming over the prairie like a deer. In fifteen minutes he was out of sight, and that was the last the whites ever saw of him.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

whōōps	mǎn'něŕ	in'stant lý	Běn'tón
dōdged	pru'dençe	eôn'trá rý	Mis squ'ri
pāç'ēs	stār'tled	ād mīt'tēd	Stē'māne
ōf fēnd'	tōr'tūre	dē çēp'tiōn	bāy'ō nēts
ād vānçe'	fā tīgue'	dīs eūs'siōn	dī lēm'mā
rē pōrt'	pūr sū'ērç	nū'měr oūs	āp point'ēd

II. Words defined: (2) stōck āde', *an inclosure made by posts and stakes*; (6) rēe'ōgnized, *knew*; (11) jūs'tīfied, *shown to be right*; (11) Mǎn'itō, *the great spirit worshiped by some Indians*; (19) pār'leý, *discussion, conference*; (23) zīg'zāg, *having short, sharp turns*; (24) rāl'lied, *gathered again*.

LESSONS IN GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

XI. THE HOME OF THE OLD ROMANS.

1. If you will look at a map of Europe, you will see three great peninsulas extending from its southern coast into the Mediterranean Sea. The one which lies farthest to the east is the peninsula of Greece; you have read of its beautiful scenery, and the brave people who lived there in olden times.

2. The peninsula farthest to the west, with the Atlantic Ocean washing its rocky coast, is Spain. The land lying between the two is Italy; and it was there that a great people lived, many centuries ago.

3. These three peninsulas of southern Europe differ greatly from one another in shape and size. The Grecian peninsula is not nearly so large as that of Spain or Italy, and it has a number of smaller peninsulas running out into the surrounding seas like the stubby fingers of a great hand. Spain is the largest of the three, and it is almost square in shape, with few bays and capes along its coast.

4. Italy, which lies between the two in position, is also between the two in size and shape. It is larger than Greece, and smaller than Spain, and its coast



line is neither so broken as that of the former, nor so regular as that of the latter. In shape, Italy is long and slender, and very much like a huge boot.

5. On the map you will see it lying in the midst of the Mediterranean, with its toe to the south and its heel to the east; and if you will look closely, you will see that there is a great spur, too, upon the back of the boot, — but, instead of being placed on the heel, it has slipped far up on the ankle.

6. The peninsula of Italy lies about as far north on the earth's surface as the state of New York, but it has a very different climate from that which is found in this latitude in America. To the north of it lies a chain of high mountains, which protect its sunny plains from the cold northern winds; while the sea that lies around it is warmed by the currents of hot air from the deserts of Africa.

7. In this way, the winters are made milder, and the summers warmer, than with us. The orange and olive grow there, while people of our own country in about the same latitude raise the pear and the apple.

8. The surface of Italy varies greatly in different parts of the peninsula. In the northern part, between the steep wall of the Alps and the mountains to the south of them, lies a broad, fertile plain. Through this plain runs the Po, the largest river in Italy. In

its valley there are great fields of wheat and other grains, and groves of waving mulberry trees.

9. South of the basin of the Po there are the Apennines, a range of mountains that extends the whole length of the peninsula. As it is quite narrow we should not expect to find any long, deep rivers there.

10. Many streams rise in the Apennines and flow down into the seas on either side, but most of them are short, and few of them are deep enough to bear a ship or even a boat of large size.

11. The largest river in Italy south of the Po is the Tiber. It rises on the western slope of the Apennines, follows a long course through the plains, and then flows into the Mediterranean about half way down the western shore of the peninsula.

12. The waters of the Tiber vary greatly at different seasons of the year. It is sometimes called "The Yellow Tiber," since its currents, swollen by the floods of rain and melting snow in the mountains, are colored by the soil on its banks.

13. In very early times a town was located on the south bank of the Tiber about twenty miles from the sea. It was called Rome, and for many years it was the chief city of the great and warlike Roman people.

14. At first it was probably not very different from a hundred other towns in Italy. As time went on,

however, all this was to be changed; Rome was to become rich and powerful. The Romans were to become noted soldiers and were to conquer all of Italy and many far away lands.

15. The little town on the banks of the Tiber was to be extended until it covered the seven hills. For centuries, Rome was to be the capital of a great empire and the mightiest city of the world.

—FROM "THE CITY OF THE SEVEN HILLS."

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

öl'ive	stüb'bŷ	pröb'a blŷ	Älps
elī'māte	vā'rŷeŷ	scēn'ēr ŷ	Ti'bēr
swöll'en	än'kle	mül'bēr rŷ	Eū'rópe
eür'rents	ēm'pire	pö ŷi'tiön	Äp'en nīneŷ

II. Words defined: (1) pēn īn'sū lá, *a body of land nearly surrounded by water*; (1) Mēd ī tēr rā'nē an, *the great sea lying south of Europe*; (6) lāt'ī tūde, *the distance north or south of the equator*; (9) bā'sin, *portion of country drained by a river*; (13) lō'eā tēd, *situated*.

XII. THE FOUNDING OF ROME.

1. We do not know just when, or how, or by whom the first beginning of Rome was made. It happened so long ago, and so few people could write in those early days, that no account, written at that time, has come down to us.

2. But, after Rome had begun to grow and to conquer her neighbors, and people had begun to read and write more, then the Romans themselves began to be curious to know about the beginning of their city. It was too late to find out then, for the persons who had been alive at the time it was founded were now long dead and forgotten.

3. But the Romans continued to wonder about it, and at last they made up many stories of the early years of their city. By and by they came to believe these stories themselves, and they have handed them down to us who have come after them.

4. According to these stories the first settlers of Rome came from a place named Alba Longa. The way they happened to leave that place and settle at Rome was this: The rightful king of Alba Longa had been deposed by his brother. Then this brother had killed the true king's sons and shut up his daughter in a prison.

5. While in prison, the princess had given birth to beautiful twin sons. When her uncle heard this, he was much troubled, for he feared that if they should grow up to be men, they might some day take his ill-gotten throne from him. He determined, therefore, to put them to death.

6. So he took the sleeping children in the wooden trough which served as their cradle, and gave them

to a servant, and told him to throw them into the river Tiber. The river at this time was overflowing its banks, and the main current was so swift and strong that the man was afraid to go near the bed of the stream.

7. For this reason, he merely set the trough down in the shallow water at the river's edge and went his way. There the children floated gently for some time, while their cradle was carried by the waters to a place where seven low hills formed the southern bank of the stream. The river was now going down rapidly ; and here at the foot of a wild fig tree, which grew at the base of one of these hills, the cradle at last caught in a vine and came safely to land.

8. In this way the children escaped drowning, but they were still alone and uncared for, far from the homes of men. Soon, however, they were provided for in a wonderful manner. When they began to cry of hunger, a mother wolf that had lost her cubs came to them, and gave them milk ; and a woodpecker flew down from the trees and brought them food.

9. At last a shepherd of Alba Longa, who had often watched the wolf coming and going from the place, found the boys and saw how they had been cared for. The shepherd thought that wolves and woodpeckers were sacred to Mars, the god of war ;

so he had no doubt but that the children were favorites of that god. Therefore, he brought them to his little hut, and he and his wife named the boys Romulus and Remus, and adopted them as their own.

10. As they grew up among the shepherd people, Romulus and Remus became strong and brave, and showed spirits that nothing could subdue. Whenever there was a hunting party, or a contest in running or wrestling, or a struggle with robbers who sometimes tried to drive off their flocks and herds, Romulus and Remus were sure to be among the foremost.

11. In this way they won great fame among the shepherds, but they also gained the hatred of evil doers. At last some lawless men, in revenge, seized Remus at a festival, and bore him to the false king of Alba Longa, and charged him with robbery. There the true king saw the young man, and he was so struck with his appearance that he questioned him about his birth, but Remus could tell him little.

12. In the meantime, the shepherd who had found the boys told Romulus the whole story of the finding of himself and Remus. Romulus gathered together a company of his companions, and hurried to the city to save his brother. In this he soon succeeded, and then the two brothers joined together and punished the cruel king of Alba Longa.

13. This done, the two brothers returned to the

home of their youth. By and by they decided to build a city. They chose a site near the fig tree by which they had been found when children.

14. After Romulus and Remus had decided upon the place for their city, a difficulty arose. A new city must have a founder, who should give his name to it; but which of the brothers should have this honor? As they were both of the same age, and could not settle the matter by giving the honor to the elder, they agreed to leave the choice to the gods of the place.

15. So each took his stand upon one of the hills to receive a sign from the gods by watching the flight of birds. Then Remus saw six vultures from the hill-top; but Romulus, a little later, saw twelve. This was thought to be a better sign than that of Remus; so Romulus became the founder of the new city, and it was called Rome after him.

16. At first the Romans had numerous fights with the people of other cities; but at last, under the leadership of Romulus, they became so strong in war that they conquered all their neighbors. The city grew rapidly, and soon spread to others of the seven hills by the Tiber.

17. Romulus ruled his people thirty-seven years. Then, one day, as he was reviewing the army, a sudden darkness fell upon the earth. A mighty storm

of thunder and lightning came upon them; and when it had passed, Romulus could not be found.

18. While the people were mourning for their lost king, a citizen came forward and explained his disappearance. He said that in the midst of the storm, he had seen Romulus carried up to heaven in the chariot of his father, Mars.

19. After that the people ceased to mourn for Romulus. They believed that he had become a god, and from that time they honored him as the founder of their city, and worshiped him as one of their gods.

— ADAPTED FROM "THE CITY OF THE SEVEN HILLS."

NOTE.—"The City of the Seven Hills" is an interesting history of the ancient Romans, published by Scott, Foresman & Company, Chicago.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

twīn	drown'ing	æ eôrd'ing	Mārş
trough (trôf)	eôn'test	wōôd'pēck ər	Āl'bā
hā'trēd	rōb'bērş	vŭl'tŭreş	Lōn'gā
sā'erēd	rōb'bēr ŷ	nŭ'mēr oŭs	Rē'mŭs
æ eount'	mōurn'ing	dis āp pēar'ançe	Rōm'tŭ lŭs

II. Words defined: (4) dē pōşed', removed from the throne; (5) ūll-gōt'ten, secured by fraud or crime; (6) māin, chief, principal; (8) eŭbş, young animals of the bear or wolf; (10) sŭb dŭe', conquer, overcome; (11) fēs'tŭ val, a time of feasting or celebration; (11) ques'tioned (kwēs'chŭnd), inquired of by asking questions; (16) lēad'ēr shŭp, the office of a leader; (17) rē view'ing (-vŭ'), inspecting; (19) wor'shiped (wŭr'shŭpt), honored, adored.

XIII. THE FIRST INHABITANTS OF AMERICA.

1. The Europeans who came to America after its discovery by Columbus called the people whom they found here Indians. An Indian has long, coarse, black hair and small, keen eyes. His cheek bones are higher than most white men's, and his lips are larger and thicker; his skin is usually a reddish brown color.

2. There are probably as many persons whom we call Indians now living within the United States as there were when the Indians were the only inhabitants of the country. Where are they? A few are in Maine, more in New York, in Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Carolina, and Tennessee; but the greater part live west of the Mississippi River in places set apart for them by the whites.

3. Before the white men came, the Indians were scattered over the whole country. They did not differ greatly from one another in general appearance and ways of living, but they did not all speak the same language. They were separated into groups or tribes, and called themselves by different names, as if they were different nations.



4. One tribe, or collection of tribes, occupied one part of the country, another tribe another. There was plenty of room for all. The Indians living west of the Mississippi River were more savage, but in the southwestern part of the country there were tribes who lived then much as they do now. They had



houses which they built in the sides of cliffs, and were gentler than most Indians.

5. The tribes which were most warlike, and most able to protect themselves against the whites when these came, were the Iroquois, who lived chiefly in what is now the State of New York, and the Creeks, who lived in the country now occupied by Georgia and Alabama.

6. How did these people first come to be in America? Nobody knows certainly, but there are signs that they, or men like them, had long occupied the land. In the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers are great mounds, built by human hands. Sometimes they are in the shape of animals. There is one shaped like a serpent, and others are said to be like birds.

7. These mounds differ greatly in their contents. From some of them, human and other animal bones, earthen jars and images, stone pipes, and ornaments of copper, silver, and stone have been taken; in others nothing is found. Ashes have also been found in them, as if great fires had been built; but whether these mounds were burial places, or places of worship, or sites for rude houses, cannot always be told.

8. The Indians have built some of these mounds since white men came to the country. They say that their forefathers built others; and as far back as we can go there were Indians living on the continent. They were the first inhabitants of America of whom we know anything.

9. How came the people in America to be called Indians? Did they call themselves by that name?

—FROM "A SHORT HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES,"
BY HORACE E. SCUDDER.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

eõp'pěr	Creeks	Ġeõr'ġl á	Miç'h gan
hũ'man	Mãine	Āl á bã'má	Tẽn nēs see'
sěr'pent	Ō hĩ'õ	Ėār ō li'ná	Mis sis sīp'pī
īm'á ġēs	Ir'o quois (Īr'õ kwoi)		Eũ rō pē'an

II Words defined: (1) dīs eõv'ěr ŷ, a *making known*; (2) in hãb'it ants, *persons who dwell permanently in a place*; (3) lan'guage (lãng'gwãj), *human speech*; (4) eliffs, *high, steep rocks*; (7) ėarth'en, *made of burnt or black clay*; (8) eõn'ti nent, *one of the great divisions of land on the globe*.

XIV. PENN AND THE INDIANS.

1. In 1680, the Friends in England had greatly increased in number. There were many rich and clever people among them besides William Penn, who was a scholar and preacher. He had become a Quaker in spite of all his father's efforts to make him a courtier.

2. The elder Penn was an admiral, and a great friend of Charles II., to whom he lent large sums of money. As the king could not repay this money, William Penn suggested, after his father's death, that King Charles should give him, instead of all other payment, a large tract of land in the New World.

3. King Charles was only too happy to clear his debt in such an easy way. He therefore made William Penn a grant of woodland, which he insisted upon calling Pennsylvania ("Penn's Woodland"), in honor of Admiral Penn.

4. In exchange for this tract, all the king asked was two beaver skins a year, and one fifth of all the gold and silver found there. The land secured, Penn prepared to carry out a long-cherished plan, which was to found colonies of Friends in the New World. For that purpose, he had already bought a share in the West New Jersey colony, and, in 1682, he crossed over to America himself.

5. As soon as Penn set foot in West New Jersey, we are told that the colonists brought him a sod in which was planted a green twig, to show that he owned the land and all that grew upon it. Next they presented him with a dish full of water, because he was master of the seas and rivers, and with the keys of the fort, to indicate that he was in command of the army and had all the power.

6. Penn graciously accepted these offerings, and, as you shall see, made a noble use of his authority over his province. Although Pennsylvania had been given him by the king, he rightly considered the Indians the real owners of the soil, and decided to pay them for it.



7. He therefore sent for the chiefs, whom he met under a huge elm. Penn came among the Indians unarmed, and, after smoking a peace pipe with them, bargained for the purchase of a large tract of land. Under this elm he also made a treaty which lasted for more than sixty years,—“the only one never sworn to and never broken.”

8. On this occasion Penn made a speech, to which the Indians replied by saying: “We will live in peace with Penn and his children while the rivers run and the moon and the sun shall shine.” Then the two parties exchanged gifts, the Indians bestowing upon the Quaker a wampum belt on which a paleface and a redskin were represented hand in hand. This belt is still carefully kept by the Pennsylvania Historical Society.

9. The elm under whose branches this interview took place was carefully preserved for many years. Even during the Revolutionary War, sentinels mounted guard over it, so that none of its branches should be cut off for firewood. But in 1810 it was unfortunately blown down, and a monument, bearing the inscription, “Unbroken Faith,” now marks the spot where Penn and the Indians first met.

10. When the Quakers first left England for the New World, people made great fun of them, declaring that, since the fighting Puritans, Dutch, and

Virginians had such hard times with the Indians, the Quakers, whose religion forbade them to return blow for blow, would soon be killed. They were greatly mistaken, however, for none of the colonies suffered less from the hostility of the natives than Pennsylvania.

11. It was Penn himself who founded the first town in his grant. He called it Philadelphia, or the "City of Brotherly Love," because he wished all the people to live in peace together, like one family. The first houses were built of wood; then brick dwellings were seen; and each cottage was soon surrounded by a neat garden, in which bloomed gay flowers. Many Germans came over before long, at Penn's invitation, and settled just north of Philadelphia, in what is still known as Germantown.

12. These were joined by other colonists, from different parts of Central Europe; and as the English did not perceive any difference between the various forms of the German language and that used in Holland, they generally called all the newcomers Dutch. These settlers managed to understand one another, however, by using a strange dialect, which is still heard in some parts of Pennsylvania, where it is now known as "Pennsylvania Dutch."

—FROM "STORY OF THE THIRTEEN COLONIES,"
BY H. A. GUERBER.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

träet	sehöl'är	präach'ër	bär'gained
dëbt	pûr'pöse	rë lig'ion	mön'tü ment
nä'tivës	pûr'chäse	süg gëst'ëd	In serip'tion
Dütch	pây'ment	bë stöw'ing	cöl'ö nles
Höl'land	prë şerved'	in'di eäte	au thör'ti tş
Gër'man town	ëx chänge'	In'tër view	Pënn sşl vā'nī ā

II. Words defined: (1) Quāk'ër, one of a religious sect founded by George Fox, of England, about 1650; the followers of Fox called themselves Friends; (1) cōurt'ier (-yër), one who attends the court of a monarch; (2) ad'mī ral, a naval officer of the highest rank; (6) grā'cious ly (-shūs lş), with a manner full of grace; (6) pröv'ince, a large tract of country under the direction of one person; (8) wām'püm, beads made of shells, and worked into belts and other articles used as ornaments; (10) Pū'rī tang, a class of people in England who favored a simpler form of worship, — they were the first settlers of New England; (10) fôr bāde', commanded against; (12) për çëive', see, observe; (12) dī'ā lëet, a form of speech used by the people of a region, and different from the regular language of the country.

III. Word analysis: wōōd'land; fire'wōōd; ōwn'ër (suffix er means one who); eóm'ër; new'eóm'ër; strāng'ër; ün'armed' (prefix un means not); ün brō'ken; ün fôr'tū nāte.

IV. Review questions: In what year was Pennsylvania settled? What is the meaning of "Pennsylvania"? In whose honor was it so named? In what two ways did William Penn get a title to the land which his colony occupied? What promise did the Indians make to Penn? What was the result? What great city was founded by Penn? What does its name mean? Why is it often spoken of as the "Quaker City"? What great event occurred in Independence Hall in this city July 4, 1776?

SONGS FOR ALL SEASONS.

XV. THE SPRING.

1. The Spring,— she is a blessed thing ;
 She is the mother of the flowers ;
 She is the mate of birds and bees,
 The partner of their revelries,
 Our star of hope through wintry hours.
2. The many children, when they see
 Her coming, by the budding thorn,
 They leap upon the cottage floor,
 They shout beside the cottage door,
 And run to meet her night and morn.
3. They are soonest with her in the woods,
 Peeping, the withered leaves among,
 To find the earliest fragrant thing
 That dares from the cold earth to spring,
 Or catch the earliest wild bird's song.
4. The little brooks run on in light,
 As if they had a chase of mirth ;
 The skies are blue, the air is balm ;
 Our very hearts have caught the charm
 That sheds a beauty over earth.

5. Up! — let us to the fields away,
 And breathe the fresh and balmy air;
 The bird is building in the tree,
 The flower has opened to the bee,
 And health and love and peace are there.

— MARY HOWITT.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. Explain: (1) "their revelries"; (1) "our star of hope";
 (2) "the budding thorn"; (3) "They are soonest with her";
 (4) "run on in light."

II. Questions: What do you see in the fields and woods in the spring? What effect does the spring have on plants and animals? On us?

XVI. THE BLUEBIRD'S SONG.

1. I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
 Out in the apple tree where he is swinging.
 Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary, —
 Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.
2. Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
 Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
 Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,
 Up in the apple tree swinging and swaying.
3. "Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
 You must be weary of winter, I know;
 Hark! while I sing you a message of cheer!
 Summer is coming! and springtime is here!

4. "Little white snowdrop! I pray you arise;
 Bright yellow crocus! come, open your eyes;
 Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
 Put on your mantles of purple and gold;
 Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you hear?—
 Summer is coming! and springtime is here!"

—EMILY H. MILLER.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

blūe'bīrd	cheer'y	mēs'sāge	mān'tleſ
snōw'drōp	drēar'y	swāy'ing	dāf'fō dīlſ

II. Questions: Who is a "brave little fellow"? Why?
 What flowers does the bluebird mention? Why? What wild
 flowers do you know?

XVII. THE TREE.

- The Tree's early leaf buds were bursting their brown:
 "Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.
 "No, let them alone
 Till the blossoms have grown,"
 Prayed the Tree, while it trembled from rootlet to crown.
- The Tree bore its blossoms and all the birds sung:
 "Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as it swung.

“No, let them alone
Till the berries have grown,”
Said the Tree, while its leaflets, quivering, hung.

3. The Tree bore its fruit in the midsummer glow :
Said the girl, “May I gather thy sweet berries
now ?”

“Yes, all thou canst see :
Take them ; all are for thee,”
Said the Tree, while it bent down its laden boughs
low.

— BJÖRNSTJERNK BJÖRNSON (be yérn'son).

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

Words defined: (1) rōōt'lēt, a little root ; (2) lēaf'lēt, a little leaf ; (3) mīd'sūm mēr, the middle of summer ; (3) glōw, white or red heat ; (3) lād'en, loaded.

In *rootlet* and *leaflet*, the suffix *let* means *little*. Tell the meaning of *streamlet*, *wavelet*, *brooklet*, *branchlet*.

XVIII. TRIFLES.

1. A raindrop is a little thing,
But on the thirsty ground,
It helps to make the flowers of spring,
And beauty spread around.
2. A ray of light may seem to be
Lost in the blaze of day ;
But its sweet mission God can see,
Who sends it on its way. — COLESWORTHY.

XIX. IN SEPTEMBER.

BY HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

This noted writer of both prose and poetry was the daughter of Professor Fiske of Amherst College. Her first husband was an army officer named Major Hunt, and for many years she was known to the public under the pen name, "H. H."—the initials of her name, Helen Hunt. Some five years after the accidental death of her first husband, she married Mr. Jackson and made her home in Colorado.

Her poems are rhythmical, her short stories and novels are charming, and throughout them all there runs a vein of the highest purpose and purest morality. Her death occurred in California in 1885.

1. The golden-rod is yellow ;
 The corn is turning brown ;
 The trees in apple orchards
 With fruit are bending down.
2. The gentian's bluest fringes
 Are curling in the sun ;
 In dusty pools the milkweed
 Its hidden silk has spun.
3. The sedges flaunt their harvest,
 In every meadow nook ;
 And asters by the brook-side
 Make asters in the brook.
4. From dewy lanes at morning
 The grapes' sweet odors rise ;
 At noon the roads all flutter
 With yellow butterflies.

5. By all these lovely tokens
 September days are here,
 With summer's best of weather,
 And autumn's best of cheer.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words: pōols nōōk frīng'ēs flūt'tēr

II. Words defined: (2) ġēn'tian (-shan), *a flowering plant*;
 (3) sēdg'ēs, *grass-like plants growing in wet places.*

XX. CRADLE SONG.

1. Tho' I listen, baby, dear,
 Not a bird note can I hear;
 Every pretty songster now
 Sleeps upon some leafy bough.
 Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep on, my child.
2. Quietly the night winds blow,
 And I'm very sure they know,
 Lullabies are in demand,
 When you're bound for Sleepy Land.
 Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep on, my child.
3. Close your eyes and hide their blue,
 While the skies are hiding too;
 When the birds sing, baby dear,
 You will know that morning's here.
 Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep on, my child.

— REBECCA B. FORESMAN.

XXI. THE FROST.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

The author of this poem was born in Massachusetts in 1789, and died in 1865. Some of her most interesting and beautiful writings were published under the title, "Hymns and Poems for Children."

1. The Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train —
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain —
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they."
2. Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its
crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamond beads; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.
3. He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,

By the light of the morn were seen
 Most beautiful things: there were flowers and trees,
 There were beves of birds and swarms of bees;
 There were cities, and temples, and towers; and
 these
 All pictured in silver sheen.

4. But he did one thing that was hardly fair:
 He went to the cupboard, and finding there
 * That all had forgotten for him to prepare —
 “Now, just to set them a-thinking,
 I’ll bite this basket of fruit,” said he,
 “This costly pitcher I’ll burst in three;
 And the glass of water they have left for me
 Shall ‘tchick!’ to tell them I am drinking.”

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

prê pâre'	būs'tle	tow'ers	cup'board
sī'lenç	blūs'tēr Ing	mār'gīn	(eüb'bērd)

II. Words defined: (2) erēst, *summit*; (2) eōat of māl, *a defensive garment of iron or steel used in olden times*; (3) bēv'ies, *companies or flocks*; (3) sheen, *brightness*; (4) “tchick!” *a combination of letters whose pronunciation is supposed to resemble the sound of a breaking glass.*

III. Explain: (1) “that blustering train”; (2) “powdered its crest”; (2) “dressed with diamond beads”; (2) “spread a coat of mail”; (2) “of many a spear”; (3) “flowers and trees,” “birds and swarms of bees,” “temples and towers,” — what were all these?

XXII. SLEIGHING SONG.

1. Away! away! the track is white,
The stars are shining clear to-night,
The winter winds are sleeping;
The moon above the steeple tall,
A silver crescent over all,
Her silent watch is keeping.
2. Away! away! our hearts are gay,
And need not breathe, by night or day,
A sigh for summer pleasure;
The merry bells ring gayly out,
Our lips keep time with song and shout,
And laugh in happy measure.
3. Away! away! across the plain
We sweep as sea birds skim the main,
Our pulses gayly leaping;
The stars are bright, the track is white,
There's joy in every heart to-night,
While winter winds are sleeping.

—EMILY H. MILLER.

SUGGESTIONS TO PUPILS.

Have you read with care the series of poems which begins on page 72 of this book? If so, which poem do you like best? Who is its author? Have you memorized any of these poems? If not, select one and learn it by heart.

EASY NARRATIVES.

XXIII. A FAITHFUL COLLIE.

1. One day a shepherd, whose flocks were grazing on the Grampian Hills, took with him his little boy about three years of age. They had gone some distance when he found it necessary to ascend one of the



hills. He thought it would be too fatiguing for the child to go up ; so he left him below with the dog, telling the little fellow to stay there till he returned, and charging the good and faithful dog to watch over the boy.

2. Soon after the shepherd reached the summit there came up one of those very thick fogs which are

common among these mountains. Heavy mists often come up so suddenly and so thick that it is like a dark night — you can see absolutely nothing.

3. The unhappy father hurried down the mountain to find his little boy; but, from fright and from the utter darkness, he lost the way. For many hours the poor shepherd sought his child among the swamps, glens, and steep cliffs.

4. No little boy, no faithful dog, could he see or hear. At length night came on, and with a sad heart the father had to return to his cottage. To the mother he could only say, "He is lost. My faithful dog is gone, too, or he might help me find the boy."

5. That was a sad night for the poor cottagers. At break of day, the shepherd with his wife and his neighbors set out to look for the child. They searched all day long, in every place where it seemed possible that he could be; but all in vain. No little boy could they find. The night came on, and the poor shepherd and his wife went home without their child.

6. On their return to the cottage, they found that the dog had been there, and, on receiving a piece of oatmeal cake; he had instantly gone off with it. The next day and the day after the shepherd renewed the search for his child. On each day when they

returned, they heard that the dog had been at the house and had taken his piece of cake and immediately disappeared. The shepherd determined to stay at home the next day and watch his dog. He had a hope in his heart that the dog would lead him to his child.

7. The dog came the next day at the same hour. took the piece of cake, and ran off. The shepherd followed him. He led the way to a cataract at some distance from the place where the father had left the child. The banks of the cataract were steep and high. but down the rugged bank the dog began to make his way. At last he disappeared in a cave.

8. The shepherd followed with great difficulty. What a sight met his view! Who can tell his joy. when he beheld his little boy eating a piece of cake. while the faithful animal stood by?

9. Doubtless the child had wandered from the place where his father left him, and had fallen over the cliff. In some manner he had been caught by the bushes near the cave, and had scrambled into it. The dog had followed him, and had since prevented him from starving by giving to him every day his own food.

10. This is one of many true stories that have been told of the collies; they are among man's most faithful and trusty helpers.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

fõgş	grāz'ing	ōat'mēal	fā tigu'ing
mists	chārg'ing	doubt'lēss	dē tēr'mined
rüg'gēd	rē newed' (-nūd')	serām'bled	Im mē'di āte lŷ

II. Words defined: (1) Grām'pī an Hills, *low mountains in Scotland*; (2) āb'sō lūte lŷ, *positively*; (3) ūt'tēr, *complete*; (3) glēnş, *secluded and narrow valleys*; (5) cōt'tā gērş, *persons who live in cottages*; (7) cāt'ā rāet, *a large waterfall*.

XXIV. RANGER.

1. A little boat in a cave,
 And a child there fast asleep;
 Floating out on the wave,
 Out to the perilous deep —
 Out to the living waters,
 That brightly dance and gleam,
 And dash their foam about him,
 To wake him from his dream.
2. He rubs his pretty eyes,
 He shakes his curly head,
 And says, with great surprise,
 “Why, I'm not asleep in bed!”
 The boat is rising and sinking
 Over the sailors' graves,
 And he laughs out, “Isn't it nice,
 Playing seesaw with the waves?”

3. Alas! he little thinks
 Of the grief on the far-off sands,
 Where his mother trembles and shrinks,
 And his sister wrings her hands,
 Watching in speechless terror,
 The boat and the flaxen head.
 Is there no hope of succor?
 Must they see him drowned and dead?

4. They see him living now,
 Living and jumping about;
 He stands on the giddy prow,
 With a merry laugh and shout.
 Oh, spare him! spare him! spare him!
 Spare him, thou cruel deep!
 The child is swept from the prow,
 And the wild waves dance and leap.

5. They run to the edge of the shore,
 They stretch their arms to him;
 Knee-deep they wade, and more,
 But alas! they cannot swim.
 Their pretty, pretty darling!
 His little hat floats by;
 They see his frightened face;
 They hear his drowning cry.



6. Something warm and strong
 Dashes before them then,
 Hairy and curly and long,
 And brave as a dozen men ;
 Bounding — panting — gasping,
 Rushing straight as a dart ;
 Ready to die in the cause,
 A dog with a loyal heart.
7. He fights with the fighting sea,
 He gradually wins the prize ;
 Mother ! he brings it thee
 With triumph in his eyes.

He brings it thee, oh, mother !
 A burden with curly hair ;
 He lays it at thy feet,
 And, panting, leaves it there.

8. O dog ! so faithful and bold ;
 O dog ! so tender and true ;
 You shall wear a collar of gold,
 And a crown, if you like it, too.
 Old friend, in love and honor,
 Your name shall be handed down,
 And children's hearts shall beat
 At the story of your renown.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words :

griēf	pánt'ing	gīd'dý	speech'lěss
glēam	gāsp'ing	eōl'lār	sûr prīse'
wrīngs	floāt'ing	flāx'en	shrīnks

II. Words defined: (1) pēr'il ōs, *full of peril, dangerous* ;
 (3) sū'eōr, *help* ; (4) prow, *the fore part of a boat* ; (6) dārt,
arrow ; (6) loy'al, *true and faithful* ; (8) rē nown', *fame*.

III. Explain: (4) "giddy prow" ; (4) "thou cruel deep" ;
 (6) "dashes before them" ; (7) "a burden with curly hair" ;
 (8) "handed down" ; (8) "hearts shall beat."

IV. Style of composition: Compare the story with the one told in the preceding lesson. In what way do the stories differ ? Which do you like the better to read ? Which is the more easily understood ? Why ? Tell the story of "Ranger" in prose.

XXV. A GENUINE LITTLE LADY.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

1. Going down a very steep street, where the pavement was covered with ice, I saw before me an old woman slowly and timidly picking her way. She was one of the poor but respectable old ladies who dress in rusty black, wear old-fashioned bonnets, and carry big bags.

2. Some young folks laugh at these antiquated figures; but those who are better bred treat them with respect. They find something touching in the faded suits, the withered faces, and the knowledge that these lonely old ladies have lost youth, friends, and often fortune, and are patiently waiting to be called away from a world that seems to have passed by and forgotten them.

3. Well, as I slipped and shuffled along, I watched the little black bonnet in front, expecting every minute to see it go down, and trying to hurry, that I might offer my help.

4. At the corner, I passed three little schoolgirls, and heard one say to the other, "Oh, I wouldn't; she will do well enough, and we shall lose our coasting, if we don't hurry."

5. "But if she should tumble and break her poor old bones, I would feel so bad," returned the second,

a pleasant-faced child, whose eyes, full of a sweet, pitiful expression, followed the old lady.

6. "She's such a funny-looking woman, I shouldn't like to be seen walking with her," said the third, as if she thought it a kind thing to do, but had not the courage to try it.

7. "Well, I don't care, she's old, and ought to be helped, and I'm going to do it," cried the pleasant-faced girl; and, running by me, I saw her overtake the old lady, who stood at a crossing looking wistfully over the dangerous sheet of ice before her.

8. "Please, ma'am, may I help you, it's so bad here?" said the kind little voice, as the hands in the red mittens were helpfully outstretched.

9. "Oh, thank you, dear. I'd no idea the walking was so bad; but I must get home." And the old face lighted up with a grateful smile, which was worth a dozen of the best coasts in Boston.

10. "Take my arm, then; I'll help you down the street, 'cause I'm afraid you might fall," said the child, offering her arm.

11. "Yes, dear, so I will. Now we shall get on beautifully. I've been having a dreadful time, for my oversocks are all holes, and I slip at every step."

12. "Keep hold, ma'am; I won't fall. I have rubber boots, and can't tumble."

13. So chatting, the two went safely across, leaving

me and the other girls, to look after them and wish we had done the little act of kindness.

14. "I think Katy is a very good girl, don't you?" said one child to the other.

15. "Yes, I do; let us wait till she comes back. No matter if we do lose some coasts," answered the child who had tried to dissuade her playmate from going to the rescue.

16. Then I left them; but I think they learned a lesson that day in real politeness; for, as they watched little Katy dutifully supporting the old lady, undaunted by the rusty dress, the big bag, and the queer bonnet, both their faces lighted up with new respect and affection for their playmate.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

bõn'něts	pāve'ment	ō věr tāke'	ěx pěet'ing
fig'ūres	shūf'fled	ō'ver sōcks	hělp'fūl lý
rě spěet'	chăt'ting	out strēched'(t)	dū'ti fūl lý

II. Words defined: (1) rě spěet'á ble, *deserving regard*; (2) ān'ti quā tēd, *old-fashioned*; (2) bět'tēr brěd, *more polite*; (4) eōast'ing, *sliding on a sled on snow or ice*; (5) ex pres'sion (ěks prěsh'ūn), *look*; (7) wīst'fūl lý, *attentively*; (15) dīs suade' (-swād), *advise against*; (16) sūp pōrt'ing, *keeping from falling*; (16) ūn dāunt'ēd by, *without fear of*; (16) āf fěe'tiōn, *good will, love*.

III. Direction: Tell what word or words each of these contractions stands for: wouldn't, she's, don't, I'm, it's, I'd, I'll, 'cause, ma'am, I've, won't.

XXVI. A LITTLE SERMON.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

1. While at the station the other day I had a little sermon preached in the way I like, and I'll repeat it for your benefit, because it taught me one of the lessons which we all should learn, and taught it in such a natural, simple way that no one could forget it.

2. It was a bleak, snowy day. The train was late, the ladies' room dark and smoky; and the dozen women, old and young, who sat waiting impatiently, all looked cross, low-spirited, or stupid. I felt all three, and thought, as I looked around, that my fellow-beings were a very unamiable, uninteresting set.

3. Just then a forlorn old woman, shaking with palsy, came in with a basket of wares for sale, and went about mutely offering them to the sitters. Nobody bought anything, and the poor old soul stood blinking at the door as if reluctant to go into the bitter storm again.

4. She turned presently and poked about the room as if trying to find something; and then a pale lady in black, who lay as if asleep on a sofa, opened her eyes, saw the old woman, and instantly asked in a kind tone, "Have you lost anything, ma'am?"

5. "No, dear, I'm looking for the heatin' place to

have a warm 'fore I go out again. My eyes are poor, and I don't seem to find the furnace."

6. "Here it is;" and the lady led her to the steam radiator, placed a chair, and showed her how to warm her feet.

7. "Well, now, isn't that nice!" said the old woman, spreading her ragged mittens to dry. "Thank you, dear; this *is* comfortable, isn't it? I'm most froze to-day; bein' lame and not selling much makes me kind of downhearted."

8. The lady smiled, went to the counter, bought a cup of tea and some sort of food, carried it herself to the old woman, and said as respectfully and kindly as if the poor woman had been dressed in silk and fur, "Won't you have a cup of hot tea? It's very comforting such a day as this."

9. "Sakes alive! Do they give tea in this depot?" cried the old lady, in a tone of innocent surprise that made a smile go round the room, touching the gloomiest face like a stream of sunshine. "Well, now, this is just lovely," added the old lady, sipping away with a relish. "This does warm my heart."

10. While she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor little wares in the basket, bought soap and pins, shoestrings and tape, and cheered the old soul by paying well for them.

11. As I watched her doing this, I thought what a sweet face she had, though I'd considered her rather plain before. I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself that I had grimly shaken my head when the basket was offered to me ; and as I saw the look of interest, sympathy, and kindness come into the dismal faces all around me, I did wish that I had been the magician to call it out.



12. It was only a kind word and a friendly act, but somehow it brightened that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women, and I think it touched a dozen hearts, for I saw many eyes follow the plain, pale lady with sudden respect ; and when

the old woman got up to go, several persons beckoned to her and bought something, as if they wanted to repair their first negligence.

13. Old beggar women are not romantic, neither are cups of tea, boot laces, and colored soap. There were no gentlemen present to be impressed with the lady's kind act, so it wasn't done for effect, and no possible reward could be received for it except the ungrammatical thanks of a ragged woman.

14. But that simple little charity was as good as a sermon to those who saw it, and I think each traveler went on her way better for that half hour in the dreary station.

15. I can testify that one of them did, and nothing but the emptiness of her purse prevented her from comforting the heart of every old woman she met for a week after.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

sō'fā	pōked(t)	stū'pīd	shōe'strīngs
fūr'nāçe	prēached(t)	grīm'lŷ	rā'dī ā tōr
eoun'tēr	sēr'mōn	ēf fēt'	īm pā'tient lŷ
sīt'tērŷ	bēg'gār	rē pāir'	ūn ā'mī ā ble
blīnk'īng	rāg'gēd	dē'pōt	ūn īn'tēr ēst īng
dīŷ'mal	dīn'gŷ	bēn'ē fīt	ūn grām māt'le al

II. Words defined: (2) blēak, *cold and cheerless*; (3) fōr-lōrn', *destitute*; (3) pal'sy, *a disease that prevents freedom of*

motion ; (3) mūte'lŷ, *silently* ; (3) rē lūe'tant, *unwilling* ; (9) In'nō ġent, *simple* ; (11) sŷm'pā thŷ, *fellow-feeling* ; (11) mā ġt'-cian (-shan), *one skilled in magic* ; (12) bēck'oned, *made a sign* ; (12) nēg'lī ġenġe, *omission of duty* ; (13) rō mǎn'tie, *unreal, fanciful* ; (14) chār'tŷ, *act of kindness* ; (15) tēs'tī fŷ, *bear witness*.

III. Word analysis: What syllable is common to each of these words: unamiable, uninteresting, ungrammatical? In these words *un* is a *prefix*, and means *not*.

Of what two words is each of the following made: anything, downhearted, meanwhile, shoestring? Words made up in this way are called *compound*.

XXVII. LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

1. A gentleman once advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applied for the place. Out of the whole number, he in a short time chose one, and sent all the others away.

2. "I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you chose that boy. He had not a single recommendation with him." "You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he had a great number.

3. "He wīped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him; showing that he was orderly and tidy. He gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man; showing that he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully; showing that he was polite.

4. "He lifted up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor, and placed it on the table, while all the others stepped over it, or shoved it aside; showing that he was careful. And he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing the others aside; showing that he was modest.

5. "When I talked with him, I noticed that his hair was in nice order, his clothes were carefully brushed, and his teeth as white as milk. When he wrote his name, I observed that his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like those of the handsome little fellow in the blue jacket.

6. "Don't you call these letters of recommendation? I do; and what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes for ten minutes, is worth more than all the fine letters he can bring me."

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

worth (wûrth)	shóved	ás síst'	pûr'póse lý
tí'dý	típped (t)	áp plíed'	ád vēr tīsed'
ôr'dēr lý	brūshed (t)	thóught'fúl	rēe òm mēn dā'tìon

II. **Word analysis:** What syllable is common to each of these words: thoughtfully, promptly, respectfully, carefully, politely, kindly?

In these words the suffix *ly* means *manner*. Define each word thus, — kindly, *in a kind manner*.

Words of this class are called *adverbs*, — they *add to* or *limit* the meaning of *adjectives* or *verbs*.

XXVIII. WEBSTER'S FIRST PLEA.

1. When Daniel Webster was some ten or twelve years old, the vegetables in his father's garden were preyed upon by a wild animal. Daniel and his elder brother Ezekiel soon tracked the trespasser to a hole on the hillside.

2. The hole was the home of a cunning old woodchuck, or ground hog as the animal is called in some parts of the country. Having located the cause of the havoc made in the garden, the boys set to work to capture it.

3. They made a trap, and in due time caught the woodchuck. The question then arose as to how they should dispose of the prisoner.

4. "Here you are, old fellow, at last," cried Ezekiel. "You've done mischief enough, Mr. Woodchuck, and now you shall die."

5. "No, no!" answered Daniel; "don't kill him! Open the trap and let him go. He didn't mean to do any harm."

6. And thus the boys disputed as to the fate of the woodchuck. As they could not agree, Daniel suggested that they refer the case to their father. Though Mr. Webster was a farmer in New Hampshire, he was also a judge in the County Court.

7. "Well, my boys," said Mr. Webster, "I will act

as judge, and you shall be the counsel, and plead the case for and against the life and liberty of the dumb prisoner."

8. Ezekiel made the first plea. His argument was a strong one against all wild and destructive animals in general, and against this woodchuck in particular. He called attention to the damage which had been done already to the growing vegetables, and to the further mischief which might be done if the animal were set free.

9. He referred to the fact that the woodchuck's hide was of some value, but not at all equal to the damage done. Besides, if the animal were allowed to go free now, he would be more cunning than ever before, and so would likely never be captured again.




10. Ezekiel's argument was ready, strong, and convincing. It made a good impression on the father, who looked with pride on his son, and felt certain that a boy who could make such an argument would surely become a great lawyer.

11. Daniel saw that his brother's plea had affected the judge. His large black eyes looked with pity on the timid animal in the trap. His heart swelled, and he appealed with eloquent words for the life and liberty of the captive.

12. "God," said he, "made the woodchuck. He made him to live, and to enjoy his freedom in the fields and woods. God did not make the woodchuck or anything else in vain, and he has as much right to life as any other living thing.

13. "The woodchuck is not fierce and destructive as the fox, the wolf, and many other wild animals. True, he had eaten a few vegetables, but these were as necessary to him as was the food upon our table to us; so, on this account, he should not be punished with death.

14. "God furnishes our food; and shall we not spare a little for the dumb creature which has as much right to his small share of God's bounty as we have to our portion? Besides, the woodchuck has never broken the laws of his nature, nor the laws of God, as man often does; but he has followed



the simple instincts which he received from the hand of his Creator.

15. "Created by God's hand, he has a right from Him to life, to food, to liberty ; and we have no right to deprive him of any one of these. Look at this poor animal now, as he mutely pleads for that life which is as sweet to him as ours is to us. If we deprive him of that life which God gave and which once taken we cannot restore, we must expect a judgment for a cruel act."

16. During this appeal the tears had started in the father's eyes, and at its close they were running down his cheeks. His father's heart was stirred within him, and he felt that God had blessed him in his children beyond the common lot of man. His pity and sympathy were actively awakened by the eloquent words of his son, and forgetting the judge in the man and the father, he sprang from his chair and exclaimed loudly, "Zeke! Zeke! Let that woodchuck go!"

17. And thus it was that Daniel Webster won his first case. In after life both he and his elder brother studied law. Ezekiel became a successful lawyer and eminent judge, and Daniel achieved the highest honors as lawyer, orator, and statesman. At his death, in 1852, he was considered one of the most illustrious men of his country and times.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I New words:

rê fêr'	laj'yêr	af fêet'êd	Dân'i el
rê stôre'	eoun'sêl	sÿm'pâ thÿ	E zê'kI el
dê prive'	eoun'tÿ	erê â'têd	vêg'ê tá blêş
dÿs pôş'e'	boun'tÿ	êl'ô quent	dê strûe'tive
bê yônd'	stâtes'man	âr'gû ment	Im prêss'ive
häv'ôe	gên'êr al	êm'I nent	eôn vînc'ing

II. Words defined: (1) *preyed upon, seized and devoured*; (1) *três'pass êr, one who violates another's rights*; (14) *In'stînets, natural impulses*; (14) *Êrê â'tôr, one who creates; specifically, the Supreme Being*; (15) *jûdg'ment, punishment*; (17) *ôr'â tôr, a fine public speaker*; (17) *îl lûs'trî oûs, famous*.

XXIX. FRANKLIN'S BOYHOOD.

Benjamin Franklin was one of America's greatest men. Though he died in 1790, his name is still honored by all his countrymen.

1. I was born in Boston, Mass., January 17, 1706. My elder brothers were all put apprentices to different trades. I was put to the grammar school at eight years of age. I soon learned to write a good hand; but failed entirely in arithmetic.




2. At ten years old I was taken to help my father in his business, which was that of a tallow chandler and soap-boiler. Accordingly, I was employed in cutting wicks for the candles, filling the molds for candles, attending the shop, and going errands. I disliked the trade, and had a strong inclination to go to sea ; but my father declared against it.

3. But, residing near the water, I was much in it and on it. I learned to swim well and to manage boats. When embarked with other boys, I was commonly allowed to govern ; and on other occasions I was generally the leader among the boys and sometimes led them into scrapes. One of these I will mention, as it shows an early public spirit, though not then justly conducted.

4. There was a salt marsh which bounded part of the mill pond, on the edge of which, at high water, we used to stand to fish for minnows. By much tramping we had made it a mere quagmire. My proposal was to build a wharf there for us to stand upon, and I showed my comrades a large heap of stones, which were intended for a new house near the marsh, and which would very well suit our purpose.

5. Accordingly in the evening, when the workmen were gone home, I assembled a number of my playfellows, and we worked diligently like so many



emmets, sometimes two or three to a stone, till we brought them all to make our little wharf.

6. The next morning the workmen were surprised at missing the stones which formed our wharf. Inquiry was made after the authors of this transfer; we were discovered, complained of, and corrected by our fathers. Though I demonstrated the utility of our work, mine convinced me that *that which was not honest could not be truly useful*.

7. I continued thus employed in my father's business for two years, that is, till I was twelve years old. But my dislike to the trade continuing, my father took me to walk with him.

8. We saw joiners, bricklayers, and other mechanics at their work. My father wished to observe my inclination, and to fix it on some trade or profession that would keep me on land. It has ever since been a pleasure to me to see good workmen handle their tools.

9. From my infancy I was passionately fond of reading, and all the money that came into my hands was laid out in purchasing books. This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, though he had already one son, James, of that profession.

10. In 1717 my brother James returned from England with a press and letters, to set up his business

in Boston. I liked it much better than that of my father, but still had a hankering for the sea. In a little time I made great progress in the business, and became a useful hand to my brother.

11. I now had access to better books. An acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small one, which I was careful to return soon, and clean. Often I sat up in my chamber reading the greatest part of the night, when the book was borrowed in the evening and to be returned in the morning, lest it should be found missing.

— ABRIDGED FROM "FRANKLIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY."

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

mōlds	ēm barked'(t)	ěn tīre'ly	Bôs'ton
wicks	gôv'ērŋ	eôn düet'əd	Běn'ja mIn
serāpes	měn'tiôn	eôr rêet'əd	á rīth'mě tīe
tāl'lôw	mIn'nôws	rě şid'ing	dīl'ī gent lý
chām'bēr	au'thōrs	īn quīr'y	pūr'chās īng
grām'mār	trāng'fēr	mě chān'ies	prô fēs'siôn
mān'āge	prôg'ræss	bōōk'séll ērs	pās'siôn āte lý

II. Words defined: (1) āp prēn'tī cēs, *persons who are bound to serve employers for a term of years for the purpose of learning trades*; (2) chān'dlēr, *a dealer in candles or other articles*; (2) īn elī nā'tiôn, *a leaning, a tendency*; (4) quāg'mīre, *soft, wet, miry land*; (5) ās sēm'bled, *called together*; (5) ēm'mēts, *ants*; (6) dēm'ôn strā tēd, *proved*; (6) ū tīl'ī tş, *usefulness*; (9) bōōk'ish, *given to reading*; (10) hān'kēr īng, *longing for*; (11) āe'cēs, *means of securing*.

XXX. LEARNING TO WRITE PROSE.

FROM "FRANKLIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY."

1. As prose writing has been of great use to me in the course of my life, and was a principal means of my advancement, I shall tell you how I acquired what little ability I may be supposed to have in that way.

2. About this time, I met with an odd volume of the "Spectator."¹ I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished if possible to imitate it.

3. With that in view, I took some of the papers, and making short hints of the sentiments in each sentence, laid them by a few days. Then, without looking at the book, I tried to complete the papers again. I tried to express each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should occur to me.

4. Then I compared my "Spectator" with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have had before this time if I had gone on making verses. Therefore, I took some of the tales

¹ Spēe tā'tōr, a series of famous articles published in England from 1711 to 1714; their authors were Joseph Addison and Richard Steele.


in the "Spectator," and turned them into verse. After a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, I turned them back again.

5. I also sometimes jumbled my collection of hints into confusion, and, after some weeks, endeavored to reduce them into the best order before I began to form the full sentences and complete the subject. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of the thought.

6. The time I allotted for writing exercises and for reading was at night, or before work began in the morning. Now it was, that being on some occasion made ashamed of my ignorance in figures, which I had twice failed learning when at school, I took a book on arithmetic, and went through the whole by myself with the greatest ease.

7. My brother had, in 1720 or 1721, begun to print a newspaper. It was the second that appeared in America, and was called the *New England Courant*. I was employed to carry the papers to the customers, after having worked in composing the types, and printing off the sheets.

8. My brother had some ingenious men among his friends, who amused themselves by writing little pieces for this paper, which gained it credit and made it more in demand. These gentlemen often visited us, and, hearing their conversation, I was excited to try my hand among them.



9. But, being still a boy, and suspecting that my brother would object to printing anything of mine in his paper, if he knew it to be mine, I disguised my hand. I wrote an anonymous paper and put it at night under the door of the printing house. It was found in the morning, and communicated to his friends when they called in as usual. They read it in my hearing, and I had the exquisite pleasure of finding it met with their approbation.

10. I suppose that I was rather lucky in my judges, and that they were not really so very good as I believed them to be. Encouraged by this attempt, I wrote and sent in the same way to the press several other pieces that were equally approved.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

týpeş	rě dūqe'	ěx'qěl lent	ăd vânce'ment
měth'od	ăt tēmt'	Ig'nō ranqe	ă bil'i tŷ
vōl'ūme	ăp proved'	sūt' ă ble	eūs'tóm ărş
hīnt'ed	ăe quired'	īm'i tâte	sūs pēet'ing
erēd'it	dīs guised'	rēad'i nēss	ěx'ēr qīş ęs
sēn'tenqe	Œou rânt'	jūm'bled	eōn vēr sāt'ion

II. Words defined: (3) sēn'ti ments, *thoughts*; (4) ō rīg'i-nal, *genuine*; (4) rēe ōl lēet'ing, *remembering*; (5) eōn fū'sion (-zhūn), *disorder*; (5) ěn dēav'ored, *tried*; (6) ăl lōt'tēd, *set apart*; (7) eōm pōş'ing, *setting*; (8) In gēn'ious (-yūs), *possessed of genius, skillful*; (9) eōm mū'nī cā tēd, *given*; (9) ex'qui site (ěks'kwī zīt), *keen, extreme*; (9) ăp prō bā'tion, *approval*; (9) ă nōn'ŷ mōūs, *without name*.



FABLES AND ALLEGORIES.

XXXI. WHO HOLDETH UP THE SKY?

1. From the grass a Daisy looked,
And with a glance quite shy,
"Oh, dear Miss Rose," she asked,
"Do you hold up the sky?"
2. "Dear Daisy," said the Rose,
"I cannot reach so high ;
And very far above me
Is the blue and lovely sky ;
3. "But if you wish to know,
To find out I will try ;
For maybe 'tis the Fir tree
That's holding up the sky."
4. Then the Rose to the Fir tree
Upraised her radiant eye,
And said with a blush, "Good sir,
Do you hold up the sky?"
5. The Fir tree shook his head,
And answered with a sigh,
"Oh, no, indeed. sweet Rose,
It surely is not I."

6. And then he asked the Elm,
 Who stood to him quite nigh;
The Elm her branches waved,
 And said, "It is not I;
7. "But a Mountain very tall,
 In the distance, I espy;
And on his shoulders rests,
 I think, the wondrous sky."
8. And the Elm tree sent the Wind,
 And the Wind did swiftly hie,
And said: "Your highness, sir,
 Do you hold up the sky?"
9. Returned the Mountain, "Who would
 Into these secrets pry?
I've stood here many an age,
 But I never touched the sky."
10. "Sweet Daisy," sighed the Rose,
 "I fear before we die
We never shall find out
 Who holdeth up the sky."
11. But as she spoke, a Bird
 So far above did fly,
They thought he surely touched
 That very same blue sky.

12. When flew the little Bird
To the Fir tree by and by,
They asked, "Oh, tell us, please,
Who holdeth up the sky."
13. Perched on the swinging bough,
Then sang the happy Bird,
While Elm and Fir and Mountain
And Rose and Daisy heard:
14. "'Tis He who made the Daisy,
And He who made the Rose;
'Tis He who made the Fir tree,
The Elm, and all that grows;
15. "'Tis He who made the Mountain,
And made the Bird to fly —
The good and Heavenly Father,
Who holdeth up the sky."

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. Pronounce: hīe, prȳ, ēs pȳ', sē'erēts, hōld'ēth, wōn'droūs, ūp rā'ised', hēav'en lȳ.

II. Questions: What words in stanzas 5 and 6 rhyme?
How many syllables in each line of these stanzas?

What differences are there between prose and poetry?

What reason can you give for using a capital letter in writing each of these words in the lesson above: He, Heavenly, Father, Rose, Daisy, Elm, Fir, Mountain.

XXXII. THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

1. "Will you walk into my parlor?"
Said a spider to a fly;
" 'Tis the prettiest little parlor
That ever you did spy.
The way into my parlor
Is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things
To show you when you're there."
2. "O no, no," said the little fly,
"To ask me is in vain;
For who goes up your winding stair
Can ne'er come down again."
3. "I'm sure you must be weary
With soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?"
Said the spider to the fly.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around;
The sheets are fine and thin;
And if you like to rest awhile,
I'll snugly tuck you in."
4. "O no, no," said the little fly,
"For I've often heard it said

They never, never wake again,
Who sleep upon your bed."

5. Said the cunning spider to the fly,

"Dear friend, what shall I do
To prove the warm affection
I've always felt for you?
I have, within my pantry,
Good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome—
Will you please to take a slice?"

6. "O no, no," said the little fly,

"Kind sir, that cannot be;
I've heard what's in your pantry,
And I do not wish to see."

7. "Sweet creature," said the spider,

"You're witty and you're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings,
How brilliant are your eyes.
I have a little looking-glass
Upon my parlor shelf;
If you'll step in one moment, dear,
You shall behold yourself."

8. "I thank you, gentle sir," she said,

"For what you're pleased to say,

And bidding you good morning now,
I'll call another day."

9. The spider turned him round about,
And went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly
Would soon be back again ;
So he wove a subtile web
In a little corner sly,
And set his table ready
To dine upon the fly.
10. He went out to his door again,
And merrily did sing,
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly,
With pearl and silver wing ;
Your robes are green and purple,
There's a crest upon your head ;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright,
But mine are dull as lead."
11. Alas, alas ! how very soon
This silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words,
Came slowly flitting by ;
With buzzing wings she hung aloft,
Then near and nearer drew —
Thought only of her brilliant eyes,
And green and purple hue ;

12. Thought only of her crested head —
 Poor foolish thing! At last
 Up jumped the cunning spider,
 And fiercely held her fast.
 He dragged her up his winding stair,
 Into his dismal den
 Within his little parlor — but
 She ne'er came out again.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

wīt'tŷ	drägged	bīd'dīng	sōar'īng
pān'trŷ	ā löft'	flīt'tīng	būzz'īng

II. Words defined: (5) āf fēe'tiōn, *love, kind feeling*;
 (7) gāuz'ŷ, *thin and light as gauze*; (7) bē hōld', *look at*;
 (9) sūb'ttle, *thin, delicate*; (10) erēst, *ornament*; (11) wīl'ŷ,
cunning, tricky; (11) flāt'tēr īng, *praising falsely*.

III. Question: What lesson do you think the author of this fable wished to teach?

XXXIII. THE LION AND THE ECHO.

1. Once through the wood a lion prowled,
 And in pursuit of booty growled;
 An echo from a distant hill,
 Sent back the growl, both clear and shrill.
2. "Who dares come here? This wood is mine!"
 His highness cried. Says echo, "Mine!"

"Thine," says the lion ; "who art thou ?"

Echo sternly cried, "Who art thou ?"

3. "I'd have you know I'm master here !"

Then answer came, "I'm master here !"

"Come forth," says lion ; "show thyself."

And echo answered, "Show thyself !"

4. And now the beast on vengeance bent,

Sent up a roar and forth he went ;

He roamed the forest, far and near

In vain, — no rival did appear.

5. At last a fox, who watched the while,

Addressed the monarch with a smile :

"My liege, before you farther go,

Should you not seek the truth to know ?

6. "Indeed, this phantom that you hear,

That so alarms your royal ear,

Is not a rival of your throne, —

Its voice and fears are all your own."

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words :

shrill

rival

mōn'āreh

pūr sūt'

growled

bōōt'y

stērn'l'y

vēnge'ançe

II. Words defined: (5) while, time; (5) liège, lord, monarch;

(6) phān'tōm, a mere fancy; (6) roy'al, kingly.

XXXIV. THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

1. The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little prig."
2. Bun replied :
" You are doubtless very big,
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year,
And a sphere ;
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
3. " If I am not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry :
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ ; all is well and wisely put ;
If *I* cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can *you* crack a nut."

— R. W. EMERSON.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I Words defined: (1) prig, a *pert, conceited fellow*; (2) Būn, a contracted form of "bunny," a *pet name for a squirrel or rabbit*; (2) sphere(sfēr), *globe, world*; (2) dīs grāçe', *shame, dishonor*; (3) tāl'ents, *abilities*.

XXXV. HOW THE CLIFF WAS CLAD.

BY BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON (Born in Norway, December 8, 1832).

This tale belongs to the class of literature called *allegory*. In it the author treats objects in nature, such as trees, brooks, and animals, as if they were endowed with thought and the power of speech. They are represented as so speaking and acting as to present to the reader a lesson in regard to conduct and character.


This selection is taken from a novel called "Arne." In a graceful and simple manner it brings home to the reader the lesson of patience and perseverance.

1. Between two cliffs lay a deep ravine, with a full stream rolling heavily through it over bowlders and rough ground. It was high and steep, and one side was bare, save at the foot, where clustered a thick, fresh wood, so close to the stream that the mist from the water lay upon the foliage in spring and autumn. The trees stood looking upwards and forwards, unable to move either way.

2. "What if we were to clothe the Cliff?" said the Juniper one day to the foreign Oak that stood next him. The Oak looked down to find out who was speaking, and then looked up again without answering a word. The Stream worked so hard that it grew white; the Northwind rushed over the ravine; and the bare Cliff hung heavily over and felt cold.

3. "What if we were to clothe the Cliff?" said the Juniper to the Fir on the other side.

4. "Well, if anybody is to do it, I suppose we



must," replied the Fir, stroking his beard; "what dost thou think?" he added, looking over to the Birch.

5. "In God's name, let us clothe it," answered the Birch, glancing timidly towards the Cliff, which hung over her so heavily that she felt as if she could scarcely breathe. And thus, although they were but three, they agreed to clothe the Cliff. The Juniper went first.

6. When they had gone a little way they met the Heather. The Juniper seemed as though he meant to pass her by. "Nay, let us take the Heather with us," said the Fir. So on went the Heather. Soon the Juniper began to slip. "Lay hold on me," said the Heather. The Juniper did so, and where there was only a little crevice the Heather put in one finger, and where she had got in one finger the Juniper put in his whole hand. They crawled and climbed, the Fir, heavily, behind with the Birch. "It is a work of charity," said the Birch.

7. But the Cliff began to ponder what little things these could be that came clambering up it. And when it had thought over this a few hundred years, it sent down a little Brook to see about it. It was just spring flood, and the Brook rushed on till she met the Heather.

8. "Dear, dear Heather, canst thou not let me pass?"

I am so little," said the Brook. The Heather, being very busy, only raised herself a little, and worked on. The Brook slipped under her, and ran onwards.


9. "Dear, dear Juniper, canst thou not let me pass? I am so little," said the Brook. The Juniper glanced sharply at her; but as the Heather had let her pass, he thought he might do so as well. The Brook slipped under him, and ran on till she came where the Fir stood panting on a crag.

10. "Dear, dear Fir, canst thou not let me pass? I am so little," the Brook said, fondly kissing the Fir on his foot. The Fir felt bashful and let her pass. But the Birch made way before the Brook asked.

11. "He, he, he," laughed the Brook, as she grew larger. "Ha, ha, ha," laughed the Brook again, pushing Heather and Juniper, Fir and Birch forwards and backwards, up and down on the great crags.

12. It was clear the Cliff did not wish to be clad. The Heather felt so vexed that she turned green again, and then she went on. "Never mind; take courage!" said the Heather.

13. The Juniper sat up to look at the Heather, and at last he rose to his feet. He scratched his head, and then he too went on again, and clutched so firmly, that he thought the Cliff could not help feeling it. "If thou wilt not take me, then I will take thee," said he.



14. The Fir bent his toes a little to feel if they were whole, lifted one foot, which he found all right, then the other, which was all right, too, and then both feet. He first examined the path he had come, then where he had been lying, and at last where he had to go. Then he strode onwards, just as though he had never fallen. The Birch had been splashed very badly, but now she got up and made herself tidy. And so they went rapidly on, upwards and sideways, in sunshine and rain.

15. "But what in the world is all this?" said the Cliff, when the summer sun shone, the dewdrops glittered, the birds sang, the wood mouse squeaked, the hare bounded, and the weasel hid and screamed among the trees.

16. Then the day came when the Heather could peep over the Cliff's edge. "O dear me!" said she, and over she went.

17. "What is it the Heather sees, dear?" said the Juniper, and came forwards till he, too, could peep over. "Dear me!" he cried, and over he went.

18. "What's the matter with the Juniper to-day?" said the Fir, taking long strides in the hot sun. Soon he, too, by standing on tiptoe could peep over. "Ah!"—every branch and prickle stood on end with astonishment. He strode onwards, and over he went.

19. "What is it they all see, and not I?" said the Birch. "Ah!" said she, putting her head over, "there is a whole forest, both of Fir and Heather, and Juniper and Birch, waiting for us on the plain;" and her leaves trembled in the sunshine till the dewdrops fell.

"This comes of reaching forwards," said the Juniper.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

dóst	ŭp'wārdŝ	elŭtched(t)	eānst
strōde	bäck'wārdŝ	squēaked(t)	bāsh'ful
elōthe	tō'wārdŝ	splāshed(t)	strōk'ing

II. Words defined: (1) rá vine', a deep and narrow hollow; (1) bōwl'dēr, a large stone rounded by the action of water; (1) fō'lī āge, the leaves and flowers of trees and plants; (2) Jū'nī-pēr, an evergreen tree or shrub; (6) Hēath'ēr, a low evergreen shrub; (6) erēv'īce, a narrow opening, a crack; (7) pōn'dēr, think; (9) erāg, a steep rock, a cliff; (12) elād, clothed; (14) tī'dŷ, neat and orderly; (15) wēa'şel, a slender, flesh-eating animal.

III. Word analysis: Separate into simple words the following compound words: sideways, sunshine, tiptoe, dewdrops, anybody, warlike, forefathers, cupboard, playmate.

The form and meaning of SIMPLE or ROOT words are modified by the use of Prefixes and Suffixes; the words thus formed are called DERIVATIVES.

Separate into root, prefix or suffix, each of the following derivative words: warmed, warmer, warming, warmly, armed, arming, unarmed, patiently, impatiently, rested, resting, restless, restful, restlessly, restfully.

XXXVI. WHAT THE SWALLOWS DID.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

This selection is an allegory in which bird-life is treated imaginatively in order to show how our duties to others may be lost sight of if the mind be too much centered upon self. In the lesson man is shown to himself as he would appear to the lower animals if they were endowed with reason.

It might be well to compare this allegory with the lessons which begin on pages 88 and 91 of this book, both of which were written by the same author. In the former lessons the instruction is based on a simple and direct narrative of what occurred ; while all the occurrences of this lesson are purely imaginary.

Miss Alcott was born in Germantown, Pa., November 29, 1833, and died in Boston, March 6, 1888. Her father was A. Bronson Alcott, one of the most noted educators of New England during the first half of the century. She was at one time a teacher, and, during the Civil War, a hospital nurse. For many years her chief work was that of a writer of books and stories for young people.

"Little Women" was the first of her works to win special praise, and it is probably the most popular of all that she has written. Her "Flower Fables" treats of the life of plants in a way similar to the treatment of bird-life in this selection.



1. A man lay on a pile of new-made hay in a great barn, looking up at the swallows that darted and twittered above him. He envied the cheerful little creatures, for he wasn't a happy man, though he had many friends, much money, and the beautiful gift of writing songs that everybody loved to sing.


2. He had lost his wife and little child, and would not be comforted ; but lived alone and went about with such a gloomy face that no one liked to speak to him. He took no notice of friends and neighbors ; used his money neither for himself nor others ; found no beauty in the world, no happiness anywhere ; and wrote such sad songs it made one's heart ache to sing them.

3. As he lay alone on the sweet-smelling hay, with the afternoon sunshine streaming in and the busy birds chirping overhead, he said sadly to himself —

“Happy swallows, I wish I were one of you ; for you have no pains or sorrows, and your cares are very light. All summer you live gayly together ; and when winter comes you fly away to the lovely South, unseparated still.”

4. “Neighbors, do you hear what that lazy creature down there is saying ?” cried a swallow, peeping over the edge of her nest and addressing several others who sat on a beam near by.

5. “We hear, Mrs. Skim ; and quite agree with you that he knows very little about us and our affairs,” answered one of the swallows with a sprightly chirp like a scornful laugh. “We work harder than he does any day. Did he build his own house, I should like to know ? Does he get his daily bread for himself ? How many of his neighbors does he help ? How much



of the world does he see, and who is the happier for his being alive?"

6. "Cares, indeed!" cried another; "I wish he'd undertake to feed and teach my brood. Much he knows about the anxieties of a parent!" And the little mother bustled away to get supper for the young ones, whose bills were always gaping wide.

7. "Sorrows we have too," softly sighed the fourth swallow. "He would not envy me if he knew how my nest fell, and all my children were killed; how my dear husband was shot, and my old mother died of fatigue on our spring journey from the South."

8. "Dear Neighbor Dart, he would envy you if he knew how patiently you bear your troubles; how tenderly you help us with our little ones; how cheerfully you serve your friends; how faithfully you love your lost mate; and how trustfully you wait to meet him again in a lovelier country than the South."

9. As Skim spoke, she leaned down from her nest to kiss her neighbor, and as the little beaks met, the other birds gave a grateful and approving murmur; for Neighbor Dart was much beloved by all the inhabitants of Twittertown.

10. "I for my part don't envy him," said Gossip Wing, who was fond of speaking her mind. "Men and women call themselves superior beings; but upon my word, I think they are vastly inferior to us! Now

look at that man, and see how he wastes his life. There never was any one with a better chance for doing good; and yet he mopes and dawdles his time away most shamefully."

11. "Ah! he has had a great sorrow, and it is hard to be gay with a heavy heart and empty home; so don't be too severe, Sister Wing," and the white tie of the little widow's cap was stirred by a long sigh as Mrs. Dart glanced up at the nook where her nest once stood.

12. "No, my dear, I won't; but really I do get out of patience when I see so much real misery which that man might help if he'd only forget himself a little. It's my opinion he'd be much happier than he now is, wandering about with a dismal face and a sour temper."

13. "I quite agree with you, and I dare say he'd thank any one for telling him how he may find comfort. Poor soul! I wish he could understand me, for I sympathize with him, and would gladly help him if I could."

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

āche	būs'tled	ēn'vied	ūn dēr tāke'
brōōd	wīd'ōw	seōrn'fūl	shāme'fūl lŷ
bēaks	mīŷ'ēr ŷ	vāst'lŷ	ūn sēp'ā rā tēd

II. Words defined: (5) *spright'lŷ, gay, lively*; (6) *anx i'e ties* (āng zī'ē tiz), *cares, troubles*; (10) *sū pē'rī ōr, higher*; (10) *īn fē'rī ōr, lower*; (10) *dāw'dles, wastes time, trifles*; (13) *sŷm'pā thize, have sympathy for, pity*.

XXXVII. WHAT THE SWALLOWS DID (*Continued*).

1. As she spoke, kind-hearted Widow Dart skimmed by him with a friendly chirp, which did comfort him : for, being a poet, he could understand them, and lay listening, well pleased while the little gossips chattered on together.


2. "I am so tied at home just now that I know nothing of what is going on, except what bits of news Skim brings me ; so I enjoy your chatter immensely. I'm interested in your views on this subject, and beg you'll tell me what you'd have that man do to better himself," said Mrs. Skim, settling herself on her eggs with an attentive air.

3. "Well, my dear, I'll tell you, for I've seen a deal of the world and any one is welcome to my experience," replied Mrs. Wing, in an important manner, for she was proud of her "views" and very fond of talking. "In my daily flights about the place, I see a great deal of poverty and trouble, and often wish I could lend a hand. Now, this man has plenty of money and time, and he might do more good than I can tell if he'd only set about it. Because he is what they call a poet is no reason he should go moaning up and down, as if he had nothing to do but make songs. We sing, but we work also, and are wise enough to see the necessity of both, thank goodness!"

4. "Yes, indeed we do," cried all the birds in a chorus; for several more had stopped to hear what was going on.

5. "Now, what I say is this," continued Mrs. Wing, impressively: "If I were that man, I'd make myself useful at once. There is poor little Will getting more and more lame every day because his mother can't send him where he can be cured. A trifle of that man's money would do it, and he ought to give it. Old Father Winter is half starved, alone there in his miserable hovel, and no one thinks of the good old man. Why don't that lazy creature take him home and care for him, the little while he has to live? Pretty Nell is working day and night to support her father, and is too proud to ask help, though her health and courage are going fast. That man might make hers the gayest heart alive by a little help.

6. "There in a lonely garret lives a young man studying his life away, longing for books and a teacher. The man has a library full, and might keep the poor boy from despair by a little help and a friendly word. He mourns for his own lost baby: I advise him to adopt the orphan whom nobody will own, and who lies wailing all day on the poorhouse floor. Yes; if he wants to forget sorrow and find peace, let him fill his empty heart and home with such as these, and life won't seem dark to him any more."



7. "Dear me! how well you express yourself. Mrs. Wing! it's quite a pleasure to hear you, and I heartily wish some persons could hear you; it would do them a deal of good," said Mrs. Skim, while her husband gave an approving nod as he dived off the beam and vanished through the open doors.

8. "I know it would comfort that man to do these things, for I have tried the same cure in my small way and found great satisfaction in it," began little Madam Dart in her soft voice; but Mrs. Wing broke in, saying with a pious expression of countenance:

9. "I flew into church one day and sat on the organ, enjoying the music, for every one was singing, and I joined in, though I didn't know the air. Opposite me were two great tablets with golden letters on them. I can read a little — thanks to my friend, the Learned Raven — and so I spelled out some of the words. One was 'Love thy Neighbor'; and, as I sat there looking down on the people, I wondered how they could see those words week after week and yet pay so little heed to them. Goodness knows, I don't consider myself a perfect bird; far from it, for I know I am a poor, erring fowl; but I may say I do love my Neighbor, though I am an inferior creature." And Mrs. Wing bridled up as if she enjoyed the phrase immensely.

10. "Indeed you do, Gossip," cried Dart and Skim;

for Wing was an excellent bird in spite of the good opinion she had of herself.

11. "Thank you ; well, then, such being the known fact, I may give advice on the subject as one having authority ; and, if it were possible, I'd give that man a bit of my mind."

12. "You have, madam, you have ; and I shall not forget it. Thank you, Neighbors, and good night," said the man as he left the barn, with the first smile on his face which it had worn for many days.

13. "Mercy on us ! I do believe the creature heard every word we said !" cried Mrs. Wing nearly tumbling off her beam in her surprise.

14. "He certainly did, so I'm glad I was guarded in my remarks," replied Mrs. Skim, laughing at her neighbor's dismay.

15. "Dear me ! dear me ! what did I say ?" cried Mrs. Wing in a great twitter.

16. "You spoke with more than your usual bluntness, and some of your expressions were rather strong, I must confess ; but I don't think any harm will come of it. We are of too little consequence for our criticisms or opinions to annoy him," said Mrs. Dart, consolingly.

17. "I don't know that, Ma'am," returned Mrs. Wing, sharply, for she was much ruffled and out of temper. "A cat may look at a king, and a bird

may teach a man, if the bird is the wisest. He may destroy my nest, and take my life; but I feel that I have done my duty, and I shall meet my affliction with a firmness which will be an example to that indolent, ungrateful man."

18. In spite of her boasted firmness, Mrs. Wing dropped her voice and peeped over the beam to be sure the man was gone before she called him names; and then flew away to discover what he meant to do about it.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

süb'jëet	dě spâir'	pöv'ër tỹ	mĩş'ër á ble
ehō'rūs	eōn fěss'	li'bră rỹ	ěx pē'ri ençe
ôr'gan	ăn noy'	erIt'I çĩsmş	ně çēs'sĩ tỹ
tăb'lěts	rě mārks'	ăf flie'tiōn	săt Is făe'tiōn
měr'çỹ	rũf'fled	ũn grâte'ful	eōn sōl'ing lý

II. Words defined: (5) hōv'ěl, a small, mean house; (6) ôr'phan, a child whose father and mother are not living, or a child who has but one parent living; (7) vãn'ished (t), disappeared; (8) eoun'tě nançe, face; (9) ôp'pō şĩte, facing; (9) ěrr'ing, sinning, wrong-doing; (9) brĩ'dled up, held up the head and moved the chin as an expression of pride; (9) phrase (frăz), expression; (11) ău thōr'I tỹ, rightful power; (14) dīs măy', fright; (16) eōn'sě quěnçe, value, importance; (17) ĩn'dō lent, lazy.

III. Word analysis: Give the meanings of the following derivative words: cheerfully, trustfully, faithfully, shamefully, consolingly, impressively, unseparated, ungrateful, goodness, bluntness, firmness, (-ness, state of being).

XXXVIII. BUCKWHEAT.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

The pupil should compare this story, written by a great Danish author, with that of the Norwegian author, on page 118. It will be noted that both authors desire to present important moral lessons. The Danish writer is more simple and direct in his treatment, and in this simplicity lies one of his great charms.

Andersen is the most widely known of all Danish writers. His imaginative stories for children, which have been translated into all the languages of modern Europe, have given delight to countless young people. A sketch of his life and a picture of his beautiful statue, which has been erected by his countrymen in one of the great parks in Chicago, can be found in the Third Reader of this series.

1. Very often after a thunder storm, a field of buckwheat appears blackened and singed, as if a flame of fire had passed over it. The country people say that this appearance is caused by lightning; but I will tell you what the sparrow says, and the sparrow heard it from an old willow tree that grows near a field of buckwheat.

2. The willow is a large and venerable tree, though a little crippled by age. The trunk has been split, and out of the crevice grass and brambles grow. The tree bends forward slightly, and the branches hang quite down to the ground just like green hair.

3. Grain grows in all the surrounding fields; not only rye and barley, but oats, — pretty oats that, when ripe, look like a number of little golden canary birds sitting on a bough. The grain has a smiling



look, and the heaviest and richest heads bow low as if in pious humility.

4. Once there was also a field of buckwheat, and this field was exactly opposite to the old willow tree. The buckwheat did not bend like the other grains, but raised its head proudly and stiffly on the stem. "I am as valuable as any other grain," said he, "and I am much handsomer. My flowers are as beautiful as the bloom of the apple blossoms, and it is a pleasure to look at them. Do you know of anything prettier than we are, you old willow tree?"

5. And the willow nodded his head as if he would say, "Indeed I do." But the buckwheat spread

itself out with pride and said, "Stupid tree! He is so old that grass grows out of his body."

6. There arose a very terrible storm. All the flowers folded their leaves together, or bowed their little heads, while the storm passed over them; but the buckwheat stood erect in its pride. "Bow your head as we do," said the flowers.

7. "I have no occasion to do so," replied the buckwheat.


8. "Bow your head as we do," cried the grains; "the angel of the storm is coming; his wings spread from the sky above to the earth beneath. He will strike you down before you can cry for mercy."

9. "I will not bow my head," said the buckwheat.

10. "Close your flowers and bend your leaves," said the old willow tree. "Do not look at the lightning when the cloud bursts; even men can not do that. In a flash of lightning, heaven opens and we can look in; but the sight will strike even human beings blind. What then must happen to us, who only grow out of the earth, and are so inferior to them, if we venture to do so?"

11. "Inferior, indeed!" said the buckwheat. "Now I intend to have a peep into heaven." Proudly and boldly he looked up, while the lightning flashed across the sky as if the whole world were in flames.

12. When the dreadful storm had passed, the flowers



and the grain raised their drooping heads in the pure, still air, refreshed by the rain; but the buckwheat lay like a weed in the field, burnt to blackness by the lightning. The branches of the old willow tree rustled in the wind, and large water drops fell from his green leaves as if the old willow were weeping.

13. Then the sparrows asked why he was weeping, when all around seemed so cheerful. "See," they said, "how the sun shines, and the clouds float in the blue sky. Do you not smell the sweet perfume from flower and bush? Why do you weep, old tree?"

14. Then the willow told them of the haughty pride of the buckwheat, and of the punishment which followed in consequence.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

singed	crip'pled	spär'rôw	bück'whêat
ê rêet'	slight'lý	rê lâte'	vâl'tü á ble

II. Words defined: (2) vên'êr á ble, *worthy of honor and respect*; (2) brâm'bleş, *plants like the blackberry or raspberry*; (3) hũ ml'itý, *the state of being humble, modest*; (12) rê frêshed'(t), *made fresh again*; (14) haugh'tý, *overbearing*.

III. Suggestions: In reading this lesson, what tone of voice should be used in the first three paragraphs? Why should the tones be varied in reading the fourth paragraph? Can you express by the tones and inflection of the voice, the feeling of pride and contempt shown by the buckwheat in paragraph 11?

XXXIX. THE DARNING NEEDLE.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

This story shows how the author's genius enables him to turn the most trivial event to good account. In a humorous and interesting way, the broken and worthless darning needle is made to prove to us how foolish are human pride and vanity.

1. There was once a darning needle who thought herself so fine that she fancied she must be fit for embroidery. "Hold me tight," she would say to the fingers, when they took her up, "don't let me fall; if you do, I shall never be found again, I am so very fine."

2. "That is your opinion, is it?" said the fingers, as they seized her around the body.

3. "See, I am coming with a train!" said the darning needle, drawing a long thread after her; but there was no knot in the thread. The fingers then placed the point of the needle against the cook's slipper. There was a crack in the leather which had to be sewn together.

4. "What coarse work!" said the darning needle; "I shall never get through. I shall break!—I am breaking!" and sure enough she broke. "Did I not say so?" said the darning needle; "I know I am too fine for such work as that."

5. "This needle is quite useless for sewing now,"

said the fingers ; but they still held it fast, and the cook dropped some sealing wax on the needle, and fastened her scarf with it in front.

6. "So now I am a breastpin," said the darning needle ; "I knew very well I should come to honor some day : merit is sure to rise ;" and she laughed quietly to herself, for of course no one ever saw a darning needle laugh. And there she sat as proudly as if she were in a state coach, and looked all around her.

7. "May I be allowed to ask if you are made of gold ?" she inquired of her neighbor, a pin ; "you have a very pretty appearance, and a curious head, although you are rather small. You must take pains to grow, for it is not every one who has sealing wax dropped upon him ;" and as she spoke, the darning needle drew herself up so proudly that she fell out of the scarf right into the sink, which the cook was cleaning.

8. "Now I am going on a journey," said the needle, as she floated away with the dirty water ; "I do hope I shall not be lost." But she really was lost in a gutter. "I am too fine for this world," said the darning needle as she lay in the gutter ; "but I know who I am, and that is always some comfort."

9. So the darning needle kept up her proud behavior and did not lose her good humor. Then


there floated over her all sorts of things, — chips and straws, and pieces of old newspaper.

10. “See how they sail,” said the darning needle; “they do not know what is under them. I am here, and here I shall stick. See, there goes a chip, thinking of nothing in the world but himself — only a chip. There’s a straw going by now; how he turns and twists about. Don’t be thinking too much of yourself, or you may chance to run against a stone. There swims a piece of newspaper; what is written upon it has been forgotten long ago, and yet it gives itself airs. I sit here patiently and quietly. I know who I am, so I shall not move.”

11. One day something lying close to the darning needle glittered so splendidly that she thought it was a diamond; yet it was only a piece of broken bottle. The darning needle spoke to it, because it sparkled, and represented herself as a breastpin. “I suppose you are really a diamond?” she said.

12. “Why, yes, something of the kind,” he replied; and so each believed the other to be very valuable, and then they began to talk about the world, and the conceited people in it.

13. “I have been in a lady’s workbox,” said the darning needle, “and this lady was the cook. She had on each hand five fingers, and anything so conceited as these five fingers I have never seen; and



yet they were only employed to take me out of the box and to put me back again."

14. "Were they not highborn?"

15. "Highborn!" said the darning needle, "no indeed, but so haughty. They were five brothers, all born fingers; they kept very proudly together, though they were of different lengths. The one who stood first in the rank was named the thumb; he was short and thick, and had only one joint in his back, and could therefore make but one bow; but he said that if he were cut off from a man's hand, that man would be unfit for a soldier."

16. "Sweet-tooth, his neighbor, dipped himself into sweet or sour, pointed to the sun and moon, and formed the letters when the fingers wrote. Long-man, the middle finger, looked over the heads of all the others. Gold-band, the next finger, wore a golden circle round his waist. And little Playman did nothing at all, and seemed proud of it. They were boasters, and boasters they will remain; and therefore I left them."

17. "And now we sit here and glitter," said the piece of broken bottle. At the same moment more water streamed into the gutter, so that it overflowed, and the piece of bottle was carried away.

18. "So he is promoted," said the darning needle, "while I remain here; I am too fine, but that is my


pride, and what do I care?" And so she sat there in her pride, and had many thoughts, as these: "I could almost fancy that I came from a sunbeam, I am so fine. It seems as if the sunbeams were always looking for me under the water. Ah! I am so fine that even my mother cannot find me. Had I still my old eye, which was broken off, I believe I should weep; but no, I would not do that; it is not genteel to cry."

19. One day a couple of street boys were paddling in the gutter, for they sometimes found old nails, farthings, and other treasures. It was dirty work, but they took great pleasure in it. "Halloo!" cried one, as he pricked himself with the darning needle, "here's a fellow for you."

20. "I am not a fellow, I am a young lady," said the darning needle; but no one heard her. The sealing wax had come off, and she was quite black; but black makes a person look slender, so she thought herself even finer than before.

21. "Here comes an eggshell sailing along," said one of the boys; so they stuck the darning needle into the eggshell.

22. "White walls, and I am black myself," said the darning needle, "that looks well; now I can be seen, but I hope I shall not be seasick, or I shall break again." She was not seasick, and she did not break. "It is a good thing against seasickness to



have a steel stomach, and not to forget one's own importance. Now my seasickness has passed away, — delicate people can bear a great deal."

23. Crack went the eggshell, as a wagon passed over it. "How it crushes!" said the darning needle. "I shall be sick now. I am breaking!" but she did not break, though the wagon went over her as she lay at full length; and there let her lie.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

eōach	wāg'ōn	stōm'æh	brēast'pīn
eōarse	erūsh'ēs	sēal'īng	īm pōr'tançe
seārf	lēath'ēr	pād'dling	sēa'sick nēs

II. Words defined: (1) *ēm broid'ēr ŷ, needlework which enriches cloth or leather*; (6) *mēr'īt, true worth*; (9) *bē hāv'ior (-yēr), manner, bearing*; (12) *eōn çeit'ēd, vain, proud*; (14) *hīgh'bōrn, of noble birth*; (18) *prō mōt'ēd, raised to higher rank, advanced*; (18) *ģēn teel', polite, well-bred*; (19) *fār'thing, an English coin equal in value to half a cent*; (19) *treas'ures (trēzh'ūr), things much valued*; (22) *dēl'īeāte, frail, not able to endure hardships*.

III. Explain: (3) "coming with a train"; (6) "a state coach"; (7) "take pains"; (10) "gives itself airs"; (16) "a golden circle around his waist"; (22) "white walls"; (22) "against seasickness."

Compare the story of The Darning Needle with the preceding one by the same author. To what style of composition do both belong? Are the subjects similar?

Do both stories aim to teach the same lesson? What lesson in conduct should we draw from them?

XL. JOHNNY INTERVIEWS AN ANEMONE.

BY ALICE W. ROLLINS.

Mrs. Rollins is a popular writer of short stories for the young. Her work is marked by the playful exercise of the imagination, as illustrated in this dialogue between Johnny and an Anemone, which appeared first in the pages of "St. Nicholas."

1. "Oh, dear!" sighed Johnny, as he threw himself down on the ground one Saturday morning, all out of breath after his long run to the woods, where he had gone to get rid of the very sight and sound of teachers and books. "How I wish I could camp out here for the summer, like that anemone over there; that is, as long as there is any blue sky."

2. "*Is the sky blue?*" asked a little voice near him, very plaintively. It was the Anemone.

3. "Why, don't you see how blue it is?" answered Johnny.

4. "How can I see, when I haven't any eyes?"

5. "That's so! you haven't any eyes; I never thought of that. Still, it seems to me you have rather a nice thing of it out here, anyhow; plenty of cool air and shade, with just enough sunshine."

6. "Yes," said the little flower, wistfully; "it's *very* nice, all except the bears."

7. "*Bears!*" exclaimed Johnny. "Why, you're not afraid of a *bear*, are you? Bears don't care anything about anemones; no bear would run after *you!*"

8. "No; he wouldn't run *after* me, but he might run *over* me, you see; and that's why I'm afraid of them."

9. "But there aren't any bears here," said Johnny.

10. "How do you know that?" asked the Anemone.

11. "Why, I've read about bears in books, and my teachers have told me something about them, too. There are grizzly bears out in the Rocky Mountains, and polar bears up in the Arctic regions; but there aren't any bears at all in these woods."

12. "Dear me!" said the Anemone. "How splendid it must be to be able to know things! If you



only knew what a load you have taken off my mind !
So your teacher told you that ; do you suppose I could
hire a teacher to come out here and teach me ? ”

13. “ I don’t know,” answered Johnny, doubtfully.
“ I guess not ; teachers have to be paid, you know,
and you don’t earn any money, I suppose ? ”

14. “ No,” said the little flower, ruefully. “ I can’t
earn money ; can you ? ”

15. “ Yes, indeed ! perfect heaps of it, shoveling
snow and weeding the garden, and such things. But
then I don’t have to pay the teacher with that ; papa
pays the teacher. I spend my money for candy and
things. When I’m a man, I expect to earn money
enough to have everything I want.”

16. “ Dear me ! what would I not give for such a
chance as yours,” said the Anemone. “ I should like
so much to learn things : you don’t happen to know
any teacher who would come and teach me for noth-
ing, do you ? ”

17. “ No,” said Johnny, decidedly, “ I don’t. But
I’ll tell you what I could do : I could bring some of
the boys out here to tell you things.”

18. “ And do they know a great deal ? ”

19. “ Well, we don’t know as much as the teachers,
of course ; but we know more,” — Johnny hesitated
a moment, trying to put the matter as delicately as
possible, — “ we know more than *some* people.”

20. "And do you learn something every day?"

21. "Yes," said Johnny, after a moment's reflection; "we learn something every day."

22. "Then by and by you'll know a lot?"

23. "Yes, indeed," asserted Johnny, more confidently this time. "When I'm a man I shall probably know all there is to be known."

24. "Dear me! What a chance! But when will you bring the boys?"

25. "Next Saturday, perhaps."

26. "Next Saturday!" exclaimed the little flower, in dismay. "Why, I shan't be alive next Saturday! I live only twenty-four hours, you know. How many hours do you live?"

27. "Hours!" exclaimed Johnny. "Why, I hope to live seventy-five *years*, and maybe I shall live longer than that."

28. "Seventy-five years to live to learn things in! — and a teacher too! Oh, what a chance!"

29. "Well, it's evident you ought to begin your education at once," said Johnny, with decision. "As you haven't much time to spare, don't you think," — again Johnny hesitated a moment; then he asked, a little doubtfully: "Would you mind being picked?"

30. "Would I mind being picked!" shrieked the Anemone. "How should *you* like to have *your* head snapped off?"

31. "Not very well ; but you seemed so anxious to learn — "

32. "That's very true," said the Anemone, thoughtfully. "It's worth a good deal of a sacrifice. It was such a relief to know about the bears! and I suppose, if you couldn't learn things any other way, *you* would be willing to have a leg or an arm cut off, wouldn't you ? "

33. "Well," said Johnny, evading the question, "I was just thinking that if you didn't mind being picked, I could take you home to mother ; and just by hearing her talk, you would learn heaps of things."

34. "Mother?" asked the Anemone, lifting her little face eagerly. "What is a mother?"

35. "Well, I declare!" exclaimed Johnny. "Not to know what a mother is! I'm sure I don't know how to tell you about her ; you have to have a mother to know what she is. She's a dreadful thing not to have. I suppose you're like Topsy, and just 'growed'?"

36. "Is Topsy your sister?"

37. "No, indeed ; Topsy is a story," explained Johnny.

38. "But how do you know stories?"

39. "Why, I read them," said Johnny.

40. "And do your teachers teach you to read?"

41. "Yes," said Johnny, reluctantly, conscious that he was confessing a great deal of indebtedness to the

very teachers and books he had "just hated" so, that very morning.

42. "I think you may pick me," said the little Anemone, softly. "It may hurt me some, but I would rather know something before I die. Please pick me right away, and take me home to your mother!"

43. "I'll tell you what I could do," suggested Johnny. "I could take you up, roots and all, without picking you off the stem, and carry you home in my basket. And if any one can make you live a little longer than twenty-four hours, mother can."

44. "O, you dear, lovely boy!" said the grateful little Anemone, as Johnny lifted it carefully into his basket, roots and all. "Now you can talk to me all the way, and tell me things; for, as you say, I haven't any time to spare."

45. "Well," said Johnny as he trudged along, "I'm sure I didn't think *I* should ever be a teacher. Do you know," — he paused again, in his endeavor to speak very politely, — "do you know — *anything?*"

46. "Not much," said the little flower, humbly. "I only know what you've told me this morning."

47. "Well, that's something to begin with," said Johnny, encouragingly. "I don't always know what my teacher has told me in the morning. Dear me! that reminds me; he did tell me this morning that if

I were going to the woods to-day, he wished I would bring him an anemone for his collection. Now, if you like, you can be pressed and put into a book, and have your name written under you, and be shown to lots and lots of children; and then, don't you see, *you'll* be a teacher, too; and, between you and me, it's a great deal better fun to teach than to learn."

48. "Is it?" said the Anemone, eagerly. "I like learning so much, that it doesn't seem as if I could like teaching any better. But I think I shall let you press me and put me in the book."

49. And when Johnny brought his teacher the anemone, and told him about it, the teacher smiled, and wrote on the blackboard as the day's motto for all the children to learn by heart:

"Remember, nothing is so insignificant but it may teach something, and no one so wise but he may learn something."

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

trüdged	rê liëf'	eöl lée'tiön	doubt'fùl lý
shriëked (t)	hüm'blý	eön fëss'ing	in dëbt'ëd nëss
pō'lār	ëv'ī dent	sūg gëst'ëd	hës'ī tā tēd
griz'zly	eön'fi dent	ās sërt'ëd	ëd ū cā'tiön

II. Words defined: (1) á nēm'ò nē, *a small wild flower*; (2) plāin'tive lý, *sadly*; (6) wist'fùl lý, *longingly*; (14) rye'fùl lý, *sorrowfully*; (21) rê flëe'tiön, *thought*; (29) de ci'siön (dë sizh'ün),

firmness; (32) sā'e'rī fīce (-fīz), *anything given up for the sake of something else*; (33) ē vād'ing, *avoiding*; (41) rē lūc'tant lŷ, *unwillingly*; (41) eōn'scious (-shūs), *feeling, knowing*; (49) In-sīg nīf'ī cant, *mean, small*.

What difference would you make in the tones of voice used in reading what is said by Johnny and the Anemone?

In paragraphs 6, 7, and 8 some words are printed in italics. These words should be spoken in such a way as to call attention to them, — that is, in such a way as to make them *emphatic*.

In paragraph 9, what inflection would you give on *here*?

XLI. THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

BY JACOB AND WILHELM GRIMM.

For a brief account of these authors, see page 94 of the Third Reader of this series. "The Sleeping Beauty" is one of the many German Household Tales that were collected by the Brothers Grimm and published in 1812-14.

1. In times past there lived a king and a queen, who said to each other every day of their lives, "Would that we had a child!" and yet they had none. But it happened once that when the queen was bathing, there came a frog out of the water, and he squatted on the ground, and said to her, "Thy wish shall be fulfilled; before a year has gone by, thou shalt bring a daughter into the world."

2. And as the frog foretold, so it happened; and the queen bore a daughter so beautiful that the king could not contain himself for joy, and he ordained a great feast. To this feast he bid not only his rela-

tions, friends, and acquaintances, but also the wise women, that they might be kind and favorable to the child. There were thirteen of them in his kingdom, but, as he had provided only twelve golden plates for them to eat from, one of them had to be left out.

3. However, the feast was celebrated with all splendor; and as it drew to an end, the wise women stood forward to present to the child their wonderful gifts: one bestowed virtue, one beauty, a third riches, and so on, whatever there is in the world to wish for.

4. And when eleven of them had said their say, in came the uninvited thirteenth, burning to revenge herself, and, without greeting or respect, she cried with a loud voice, "In the fifteenth year of her age the princess shall prick herself with a spindle and shall fall down lifeless."

5. Without speaking one more word she turned away and left the hall. Every one was terrified at her words, when the twelfth wise woman came forward, for she had not yet bestowed her gift, and though she could not do away with the evil prophecy, yet she could soften it; so she said, "The princess shall not die, but shall fall into a deep sleep for a hundred years."

6. Now, the king, being desirous of saving his child even from this misfortune, gave commandment that all the spindles in his kingdom should be burnt

up. The maiden grew up, adorned with all the gifts of the wise women ; and she was so lovely, modest, sweet, and kind, and clever, that no one who saw her could help loving her.

7. It happened one day, she being already fifteen years old, that the king and queen rode abroad, and the maiden was left behind alone in the castle. She wandered about into all the nooks and corners, and into all the chambers and parlors, as the fancy took her, till at last she came to an old tower. She climbed the narrow winding stair, which led to a little door with a rusty key sticking out of the lock ; she turned the key, and the door opened, and there in the little room sat an old woman with a spindle, diligently spinning her flax.

8. "Good day, mother," said the princess. "What are you doing?"

9. "I am spinning," answered the old woman, nodding her head.


10. "What thing is that that twists round so briskly?" asked the maiden, and, taking the spindle into her hand, she began to spin ; but no sooner had she touched it than the evil prophecy was fulfilled, and she pricked her fingers with it. In that very moment she fell back on the bed that stood there, and lay in a deep sleep.

11. And this sleep fell upon the whole castle ; the

king and queen, who had returned and were in the great hall, fell fast asleep, and with them the whole court. The horses in their stalls, the dogs in the yard, the pigeons on the roof, the flies on the wall, the very fire that flickered on the hearth, became still and slept like the rest ; and the meat on the spit ceased roasting, and the cook, who was going to pull the scullion's hair for some mistake he had made, let him go, and went to sleep. And the wind ceased, and not a leaf fell from the trees about the castle.

12. Then round about that place there grew a hedge of thorns thicker every year, until at last the whole castle was hidden from view, and nothing of it could be seen but the vane on the roof. And a rumor went abroad in all that country of the beautiful sleeping Rosamond, for so was the princess called ; and from time to time many kings' sons came and tried to force their way through the hedge ; but it was impossible for them to do so, for the thorns held fast together like strong hands, and the young men were caught by them, and, not being able to get free, there died a lamentable death.

13. Many a long year after there came a king's son into that country, and heard an old man tell how there should be a castle standing behind the hedge of thorns, and that there a beautiful enchanted princess named Rosamond had slept for a hundred



years, and with her the king and queen and the whole court. The old man had been told by his grandfather that many kings' sons had sought to pass the thorns and had died a miserable death.

14. Then said the young man, "I do not fear to try; I shall see the lovely Rosamond." In vain the good old man tried to dissuade him.

15. For now the hundred years were at an end, and the day had come when Rosamond should be awakened. When the prince drew near the hedge of thorns, it was changed to a hedge of beautiful large flowers, which parted and bent aside to let him pass, and then closed behind him in a thick hedge. When he reached the castle yard, he saw the horses and brindled hunting dogs lying asleep, and on the roof the pigeons were sitting with their heads under their wings. And when he came indoors, the flies on the wall were asleep, the cook in the kitchen had her hand uplifted to strike the scullion, and the kitchen maid had the black fowl on her lap ready to pluck.

16. Then he mounted higher, and saw in the hall the whole court lying asleep, and above them on their thrones slept the king and queen. And still he went farther, and all was so quiet that he could hear his own breathing; and at last he came to the tower, and went up the winding stair, and opened the door of the little room where Rosamond lay.

17. And when he saw her looking so lovely in her sleep, he could not turn away his eyes; and presently he stooped and kissed her, and she awoke and opened her eyes, and looked very kindly on him. And she



rose, and they went forth together. Then, too, the king and the queen and the whole court waked up, and gazed about with great eyes of wonderment.

18. And the horses in the yard got up and shook themselves; the hounds sprang up and wagged their tails; the pigeons on the roof drew their heads from under their wings, looked round, and flew into the field; the flies on the wall crept on a little farther;

the kitchen fire leaped up and blazed and cooked the meat; the joint on the spit began to roast; the cook gave the scullion such a box on the ear that he roared out, and the maid went on plucking the fowl.

19. Then the wedding of the prince and Rosamond was held with all splendor, and they lived very happily together until the end of their lives.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

twists	stōoped(t)	brīn'dled	Rōḡ'ā mōnd
bāth'ing	squat'tēd	thīr'teenth	rē lā'tionsḡ
kīng'dóm	dāugh'tēr	ē lēv'en	eōm mād'iment
rūst'y	fōre tōld'	bē stōwed'	īm pōs'sī ble
ru'mōr	ful filled'	flick'ered	ūn īn vīt'ēd
vīr'tue	spīn'nīng	dē ḡīr'oūs	nēv ēr the lēss'

II. Words defined: (2) ōr dāined', *appointed*; (3) ḡēl'ē brā-tēd, *duly observed*; (3) splēn'dōr, *great pomp and display*; (4) spīn'dle, *the rod or pin in spinning wheels by which the thread is twisted*; (5) tēr'rifed, *filled with terror*; (5) prōph'ēḡḡ, *a statement of something to come*; (6) ā dōrned', *graced, decked*; (11) spīt, *a slender iron rod for holding meat while roasting*; (11) seūl'ion(-yūn), *a servant who cleans pots and kettles in a kitchen*; (12) vāne, *a contrivance to show which way the wind blows*; (12) lām'ēn tā ble, *sorrowful*; (13) ēn chānt'ēd, *charmed*; (17) wōn'dēr ment, *surprise*; (18) joint, *a large piece of meat*.

III. Word building: By using suffixes, the following words are made from the word *rusty*: rustier, rustiest, rustiness. The suffix *ness* means *state of being*. Note the fact that final *y* is changed to *i* when *er*, *est*, or *ness* is suffixed to *rusty*.

Use suffixes and form three other words from each of the following: sleepy, happy, lovely, lively, gloomy, greedy, steady.

EASY LESSONS IN SCIENCE.

XLII. EYES AND NO EYES.


BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

This lesson is taken from the preface to "Madam How and Lady Why," a book containing a series of familiar talks with the author's pupils. Its language is so plain and simple and direct that it can be read with delight by young persons. It contains a dozen chapters, each of which treats, in a most interesting way, some objects in nature.

The author was born in England in 1819, and died there in 1875. Among his numerous works, the juvenile story, "The Water Babies," is perhaps the most popular.

1. MY DEAR BOYS: When I was your age, there were no such children's books as there are now. Those which we had were few and dull, and the pictures in them ugly and mean, while you have your choice of books without number. They are clear, amusing, and pretty, as well as really instructive, and on subjects which were only talked of fifty years ago by a few learned men, and very little understood even by them.

2. So, if mere reading of books would make wise men, you ought to grow up much wiser than us old fellows. But mere reading of wise books will not make you wise men: you must use for yourselves the tools with which books are made wise; and these are your eyes, and ears, and common sense.



3. Now, among those very old-fashioned boys' books was one which taught me that; and therefore I am more grateful to it than if it had been as full of wonderful pictures as all the natural history books you ever saw. Its name was "Evenings at Home"; and in it was a story called "Eyes and No Eyes"; and it began thus:—

"Well, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon?" said Mr. Andrews to one of his pupils at the close of a holiday.

4. Robert had been to Broom Heath, and round by Camp Mount, and home through the meadows. But it was very dull, he thought. He saw hardly a single person. He had much rather have gone by the turnpike road.

5. Presently in comes Master William, and terribly dirty and wet he is; he never before had such a pleasant walk, he says; and he has brought home his handkerchief full of curiosities.

6. He has a piece of mistletoe and wants to know what it is; he has seen a woodpecker and a wheatear, and gathered strange flowers on the heath; he has hunted a pewit because he thought its wing was broken, till of course it led him into a bog, and very wet he got.

7. But he did not mind it, because he fell in with an old man cutting turf, who told him all about turf-

cutting. And then he went up a hill, and saw a grand prospect and twenty things more ; and so on, and so on, till he had brought home curiosities enough, and thoughts enough, to last him a week.

8. Whereon Mr. Andrews, who seems to have been a very sensible old gentleman, tells him all about his curiosities ; and then it comes out — if you will believe it — that Master William has been over the very same ground as Master Robert, who saw nothing at all.

9. Whereon Mr. Andrews says, wisely enough, in his solemn, old-fashioned way : —

“So it is. One man walks through the world with his eyes open, another with his eyes shut ; and upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge which one man acquires over another. I have known sailors who had been in all the quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the public houses.

10. “On the other hand, Franklin could not cross the Channel without making observations useful to mankind. The observing eye and inquiring mind find matter of improvement and delight in every ramble. You then, William, continue to use your eyes. And you, Robert, learn that eyes were given to you to use.”

11. So said Mr. Andrews ; and so I say. Therefore I beg all among you to think over this story, and

settle in your own minds whether you will be Eyes or No Eyes. Whether you will, as you grow up, look and see for yourselves what happens; or whether you will let other people look for you, or pretend to look, and dupe you, and lead you about — the blind leading the blind, till both fall into the ditch.

12. Using your eyes, or not using them, is a question of doing Right or doing Wrong. God has given you eyes; it is your duty to God to use them.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

tōōlſ	thêre'fôre	prôs'pēet	eū rī ōs'ī tīes
ŭg'lŷ	sōl'ēmn	hīs'tō rīes	sū pē rī ōr'ī tŷ
pē'wīt	āc quīres'	hānd'kēr chief	īm prove'ment
rām'ble	sēn'sī ble	īm strūet'ive	ōb ſēr vā'tiōn

II. Words defined: (4) tūrn'pike road, a road on which there are turnpikes, or tollgates for collecting tolls, or money, from its users; (6) mīſ'tle tōe, an evergreen plant growing on trees; (6) whēat'ēar, a small European bird; (6) hēath, a tract of country overgrown with shrubs; (6) bōg, a piece of wet, marshy ground; (7) tūrf, a substance consisting of roots and moss which can be dried and used for fuel; (10) Chān'nēl, the body of water lying between England and France; (10) mǎn kīnd', the human race; (11) dūpe, deceive, cheat.

III. Questions: How are books "made wise"? How do persons become wise? Where had Robert and William been? Why were both not equally delighted? What do you know about Franklin? Has the story, "Eyes and No Eyes," taught you anything? If so, what?

XLIII. VOLCANOES AND EARTHQUAKES.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

This lesson is abridged from Chapter III of "Madam How and Lady Why."

1. You want to know why the people in Peru and Ecuador should expect an earthquake? Simply because they have had so many already. The shaking of the ground in those countries goes on so frequently that the people have almost ceased to care about it. They hope that no very heavy shock will come, but now and then they are terribly mistaken.

2. For instance, in the province of Quito, in the year 1797, from thirty to forty thousand people were killed at once by an earthquake. Once since then thousands more were killed in the very same country and in the very same way.

3. The towns are built, most of them, close to the volcanoes, and these volcanoes are the highest and most terrible in the world. Wherever there are volcanoes, there will be earthquakes. You may have earthquakes without volcanoes now and then, but volcanoes without earthquakes, seldom or never.

4. How does that come to pass? Does a volcano make earthquakes? No; we may rather say that earthquakes are trying to make volcanoes. Volcanoes are the holes which the steam underground

has burst open that it may escape into the air above. These holes are the chimneys of the great blast furnaces underground.

5. And are there many volcanoes in the world? You have heard of Vesuvius in Italy, Etna in Sicily,



and Hecla in Iceland. Hundreds of others are found among the mountains of America, Asia, Africa, and on the isles of the sea. A long line of volcanoes can be traced over the surface of the earth. It seems as if the melted stuff inside of the volcanoes is forever trying to force its way out.

6. Now we can understand why earthquakes should

be most common near volcanoes ; and we can understand, too, why they would be worst before a volcano breaks out, because then the steam is trying to escape. People living near volcanoes are glad to see them blazing and spouting, because then they have hope that the steam has found its way out, and for some time there will be no further quaking of the earth.

7. However, volcanoes can never be trusted. No one knows when one will break out or what it will do. Those who live close to them, as the city of Naples is close to Mount Vesuvius, must not be astonished if they are blown up or swallowed up without warning.

8. We know what happened to that same Mount Vesuvius more than eighteen hundred years ago, in the old Roman times. For ages and ages it had been lying quiet like any other hill. Beautiful cities were built at its foot. Fair gardens, vineyards, and orchards covered the mountain slopes.

9. As for the mountain being a volcano, who ever thought of that? To be sure, on the top of it was a great round crater, a few hundred yards deep ; but that was all overgrown with bushes and wild vines. What sign of fire was there in that? It had never harmed any one, and how could it harm them?

10. So they all lived on merrily and happily enough till the year A.D. 79. And then Pompeii and the

towns and cities for miles around were buried under clouds of ashes and cinders and streams of lava.

11. After this great eruption Vesuvius fell asleep, and did not awake again for more than a hundred years. But in our times it has been more active, and now hardly a year passes without its sending out smoke and ashes, or streams of lava.

12. Most volcanoes are rocky cones in the top of which there are great cups called craters. The cone itself has been built up from the cinders and rocks that have been thrown up from time to time.

13. In North America, and other parts of the world, there are hundreds of once active volcanoes, but for ages they have shown no sign of life, and now they are cold and bare. In some places forests are growing over the broad streams of lava that once poured out of their sides.

14. The dust and ashes thrown out of these volcanoes, now extinct, were carried far away and scattered over the bare valleys. The rich soil thus formed now produces some of the finest crops of wheat that are grown in the United States.

15. So we see that active volcanoes may carry ruin and death down their glowing sides. Also, it appears that they scatter dust and ashes over the wide valleys and thus make their soil richer and more productive than ever before.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

shöck	çin'děrg	prö dü'e'tive	Ĕt'ná
blást	ěx tīnet'	ě rūp'tiön	Hěe'lá
eōneş	ěarth'quāke	vīne'yārdş	pröv'İNçe

II. Questions: Find Peru and Ecuador (Ĕk wā dōr') on a map of South America. What great chain of mountains runs through this country? Where is Quito (Kě'tō)?

On a map of Europe find Iceland, Sicily, Naples.

XLIV. THE FAIRYLAND OF SCIENCE—HOW TO ENTER AND TO USE IT.

BY ARABELLA B. BUCKLEY.

PART I.

It is only within the last seventy years that people have understood much of the means by which have been shaped the mountains, cañons, valleys, prairies, and beaches of the earth's surface. In 1830 a great geologist, Sir Charles Lyell, published the first of a series of volumes which give a correct account of the formation of the crust of the earth.

His assistant and secretary from 1867 to 1875 was Miss Buckley, the author of this lesson. She has written several books for young people, in which the facts of science are so presented that they can be understood and enjoyed. Among these works are "A Short History of Natural Science" and "The Fairyland of Science." Both these books are as entertaining as any story of adventure and contain a large amount of valuable information.


The latter is made up of a series of lectures delivered to an audience of children in London. This lesson includes the greater part of the first lecture, which was intended to lead up to descriptions of the wonders of the atmosphere, of the ocean, of minerals, and of plant and animal life.

1. I have promised to introduce you to-day to the Fairyland of Science. This is a bold promise, seeing that most of you probably look upon science as a bundle of dry facts, while Fairyland is all that is beautiful, and full of poetry and imagination. But I thoroughly believe myself, and hope to prove to you, that science is full of beautiful pictures of real poetry, and of wonder-working fairies.

2. What is more, I promise you they shall be *true* fairies, whom you will love just as much when you are old and gray-headed as when you are young. You will be able to call up these fairies whenever you wander by land or by sea, through meadows or through wood, through water or through air; though they will always remain invisible, yet you will see their wonderful power at work everywhere around you.

3. Let us first see, for a moment, what kind of tales science has to tell, and how far they are equal to the old fairy tales we all know so well. Who does not remember the tale of "The Sleeping Beauty," and how, under the spell of the angry wise woman, the maiden pricked herself with the spindle and slept a hundred years?

4. Then, when the hundred years had passed, the prince came, the thorny hedge opened before him, now bearing beautiful flowers; and he, entering the



castle, reached the room where the princess lay, and with one sweet kiss raised her and all around her to life again.

Can science bring any tale to match this ?

5. Tell me, is there anything in this world more busy and active than water as it rushes along in the swift brook, or spouts up in the fountain, or trickles down from the roof, or ripples on the surface of the pond as the wind blows over it? But, have you never seen this water spellbound and motionless ?

6. Look out of the window some cold, frosty morning in the winter; see the little brook which yesterday was flowing gently past the house; how still it lies! Notice the ripples on the pond; they have become fixed and motionless. Look up at the roof of the house. There, instead of living doves merely charmed to sleep, we have running water caught in the very act of falling and turned into icicles.

7. On every tree and bush you will catch the water drops napping in the form of tiny crystals, while the fountain looks like a tree of glass. Even the damp of your own breath lies on the window pane, frozen into delicate patterns like fern leaves of ice.

8. All this water was yesterday flowing busily, or





falling drop by drop, or floating invisibly in the air; now it is all caught and spellbound — by whom? By the enchantments of the frost giant, who holds it fast in his grip and will not let it go.

9. But wait awhile; the deliverer is coming. In a few weeks or days, or it may be in a few hours, the brave sun will shine down, the dull gray, leaden sky will melt before him, as the hedge gave way before the prince in the fairy tale, and when the sunbeam gently kisses the frozen water, it will be set free. Then the brook will flow on again; the frost drops will be shaken from the trees, the icicles fall from the roof, the moisture trickle down the window

pane, and in the bright warm sunshine all will be alive again.

Is not this a fairy tale of nature? Such as these it is which science tells.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

fäets	bün'dle	erÿs'talş	põ'ë trÿ
sci'ençe	pät'těrnş	tri'e'kleş	foun'taIn

II. Words defined: (1) thór'ough lÿ, *fully*; (5) spell'bound, *held by a spell, charmed*; (5) mō'tiōn lěss, *without motion, at rest*; (6) i'çl ele, *a mass of ice formed by the freezing of dripping water*; (8) ěn chānt'ments, *charms*; (9) dě lÿv'ěr ěr, *one who delivers or frees*; (9) lěad'en, *like lead in color*; (9) mois'tūre, *a small amount of liquid*.

III. Questions: Tell what you think "science" means as used in paragraph 1.

What is the meaning of "nature" in the last paragraph?

Have you ever seen any part of *nature*?

XLV. THE FAIRYLAND OF SCIENCE.

PART II.

1. Again, who has not heard of Catskin, who came out of a hollow tree, bringing a walnut containing three beautiful dresses: the first glowing as the sun, the second pale and beautiful as the moon, the third spangled like the starlit sky, and each so fine

and delicate that all three could be packed in a nut? But science can tell of shells so tiny that a whole group of them will lie on the point of a pin, and many thousands may be packed into a walnut shell. Each one of these tiny structures is not the mere dress, but the home of a living animal. And what is more, the new creature that lives in it has built it out of the foam of the sea, though he himself is nothing more than a drop of jelly.

2. Any one who has read the "Wonderful Travelers" must recollect the man whose sight was so keen that he could hit the eye of a fly sitting on a tree two miles away. But tell me, can you see gas before it is lighted, even when it is coming out of the gas jet close to your eyes? Yet, if you learn to use that wonderful instrument, the spectroscope, it will enable you to tell one kind of gas from another, even when they are both ninety-one millions of miles away on the face of the sun.

3. Nay, more, the spectroscope will read for you the nature of the different gases in the far-distant stars, billions of miles away. It will actually tell you whether you can find there any of the same metals that we have on the earth.

4. We might find hundreds of such fairy tales in the domain of science, but these three will serve as examples. We must pass on to make the acquaint-

ance of the science fairies themselves, and see if they are as real as our old friends.

5. Tell me, why do you love fairyland? What is its charm? Is it not that things happen so suddenly, so mysteriously, and without man having to do with it? In fairyland, flowers blow, houses spring up like Aladdin's palace in a single night, and people are carried hundreds of miles in an instant by the touch of a fairy wand.

6. And then this land is not some distant country to which *we* can never hope to travel. It is here in the midst of us, only our eyes must be open or we cannot see it. Ariel and Puck did not live in some unknown region. On the contrary, Ariel's song is —

“Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer merrily.”

7. The peasant falls asleep some evening in a wood; his eyes are opened by a fairy wand, so that he sees the little goblins and imps dancing round him on the greensward, drinking out of acorn cups, fighting with blades of grass, and riding on grasshoppers.

8. So, too, the gallant knight, riding to save some poor oppressed maiden, dashes across the foaming

torrent; just in the middle, as he is being swept away, his eyes are opened, and he sees fairy water nymphs soothing his terrified horse and guiding him gently to the opposite shore.

9. These sprites are close at hand to the simple peasant or the gallant knight, or to any one who has the gift of the fairies and can see them. But the man who scoffs at them, and does not believe in them, or care for them, he *never* sees them. Only now and then they play him an ugly trick, leading him into some bog and leaving him to get out as he may.

10. But exactly all this which is true of the fairies of our childhood is true, too, of the fairies of science. There are *forces* around us, and among us, which I shall ask you to allow me to call *fairies*; these are ten thousand times more wonderful, more magical, and more beautiful in their work than those of the old fairy tales. They, too, are invisible, and many people live and die without ever seeing them or caring to see them.

11. These people go about with their eyes shut, either because they will not open them, or because no one has taught them how to see. They fret and worry over their own little work and their own petty troubles, and do not know how to rest and refresh themselves, by letting the fairies open their eyes and show them the calm, sweet pictures of nature.

12. They are like Peter Bell of whom Wordsworth wrote : —

“A primrose by a river’s brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.”

But we will not be like these ; we will open our eyes and ask, “What are these forces or fairies, and how can we see them ?”

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words :

wānd	jēl'ly	dō māin'	green'swārd
brīm	cow'slīp	strūe'tūreş	in'stru ment
seōffs	spān'gled	bīl'liōnş (-yūnz)	spēe'trō seōpe
eouch	sōōth'ing	tōr'rent	æ'tū al ly
pācked (t)	gāl'lant	fōam'ing	mýs tē'rī oūs ly

II. Notes: Ā lād'dīn, a character in the famous book of tales, “Arabian Nights.”

Ā' rī ēl, an airy spirit that plays a part in Shakespeare's “Tempest.”

Pūck, a famous fairy, sometimes called Robin Goodfellow ; Puck is a prominent character in Shakespeare's “Midsummer Night's Dream.”

Nymph (nīmf), a goddess who is supposed to dwell in the mountains, woods, or waters.

Sprīte, another name for a fairy, or elf.

Wordsworth was a famous English poet who was born in 1770 and died in 1850. “Peter Bell” is the title of one of his poems ; it aims to show the beauty and glory of the commonest things in nature.

XLVI. THE FAIRYLAND OF SCIENCE.

PART III.

1. Go out into the country, and sit down quietly and watch nature at work. Listen to the wind as it blows; look at the clouds rolling overhead, and the waves rippling on the pond at your feet. Hearken to the brook as it flows by; watch the flower buds opening one by one, and then ask yourself, "How is all this done?"

2. Go out in the evening and see the dew gather drop by drop upon the grass, or trace the delicate frost crystals which deck every blade on a winter's morning. Look at the vivid flashes of lightning in a storm, and listen to the pealing thunder: and then tell me, by what machinery is all this wonderful work done.

3. Man does none of it, neither could he stop it if he were to try; for it is all the work of those invisible *forces* or *fairies* whose acquaintance I wish you to make. Day and night, summer and winter, storm or calm, these fairies are at work; we may hear them and know them, and make friends of them if we will.

4. There is only one gift we must have before we can learn to know them—we must have *imagination*. I do not mean mere fancy, which creates unreal images and impossible monsters, but imagina-

tion, the power of making pictures or *images* in our mind, of that which *is*, though it is invisible to us.

5. Most children have this glorious gift, and love to picture to themselves all that is told them, and to hear the same tale over and over again till they see every bit of it as if it were real. This is why they are sure to love science if its tales are told them aright. I, for one, hope the day may never come when we shall lose that childish clearness of vision, which enables us through the temporal things which are seen, to realize those eternal truths which are unseen.

6. If you have this gift of imagination, come with me, and in these lectures we will look for the invisible fairies of nature. Watch a shower of rain. Where do the drops come from? Why are they round, or rather slightly oval? We shall see that the little particles of water of which the raindrops are made, were held apart and invisible in the air by *heat*, one of the most wonderful of our forces or fairies, till the cold wind passed by and chilled the air.

7. When there is no longer so much heat, another invisible force, *cohesion*, which is already ready and waiting, seized on the tiny particles at once, and locked them together in a drop, the closest form in which they could lie. Then, as the drops become larger and larger, they fell into the grasp of another

invisible force, *gravitation*, which dragged them down to the earth, drop by drop, till they made a shower of rain.

8. Now the shower is over, the sun comes out, and the ground is soon as dry as though no rain had fallen. Tell me, what has become of the raindrops? Part, no doubt, have sunk into the ground, and, as for the rest, why, you will say the sun has dried them up. Yes, but how? The sun is more than ninety-one millions of miles away; how has he touched the raindrops?

9. Have you ever heard that invisible waves are traveling every second over the space between the sun and us? We shall see how these waves are the sun's messengers to the earth, and how they tear asunder the raindrops on the ground, scattering them in tiny particles too small for us to see, and bearing them away to the clouds. Here are more invisible fairies working every moment around you, and you cannot even look out of the window without seeing the work they are doing.


10. If, however, the day is cold and frosty, the water does not fall in a shower of rain; it comes down in the shape of noiseless snow. Go out after such a snow shower, on a calm day, and look at some of the flakes which have fallen. You will see, if you choose good specimens, that they are not mere masses

of frozen water, but that each one is a beautiful six-pointed crystal star.

11. How have these crystals been built up? What power has been at work arranging their delicate forms? Up in the clouds another of our invisible fairies, which, for the want of a better name, we call the "force of crystallization," has caught hold of these tiny particles of water before "cohesion" had made them into round drops; and there silently, but rapidly, has molded them into those delicate crystal stars known as snowflakes.

12. And now suppose the snow has fallen early in the spring. If we clear it from the flower bed on the lawn, we may find a little snowdrop peeping up. Can you tell me why it grows, where it finds its food, what makes it spread out its leaves and add to its stalk day by day? What fairies are at work here?

13. First, there is the hidden fairy, "life," and of her even our wisest men know but little. But they know something of her way of working, and they tell us that the fairy sunbeams have been busy here. Last year's snowdrop plant caught them and stored them up in its bulb, and now, in the spring, the warmth and moisture creep down into the earth and wake up these little imprisoned sun waves. They stir up the matter in the bulb, making it swell until it sends out a little shoot through the soil.



14. Then the sun waves above ground take up the work, and help form the tiny leaves which take food out of the air, while the little rootlets below are drinking water out of the ground. The invisible "life" and invisible sunbeams are busy here, and so the little snowdrop plant grows and blossoms without any help from you or me.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

būlb	ŭn seen'	máss'ěş	mēs'sēn gērş
chilled	ŭn rē'al	lēe'tūreş	īm prīş'onēş
ō'val	noişe'lēss	show'ēr	má qhīn'ēr ŷ
vīv'īd	snōw'drōp	spēc'ī men	īm āş I nā'tiōn

II. Words defined: (1) heārk'en, *listen*; (2) pēal'ing, *sound-ing*; (5) vis'ion (vīzh'ŭn), *seeing, sight*; (5) tēm'pō ral, *pertain-ing to the time of this life*; (5) ē tēr'nal, *everlasting*; (5) rē'al īze, *feel vividly or strongly*; (7) eō hē'sion (-zhŭn), *the force which unites the particles of a body*; (9) ā sŭn'dēr, *apart*.

III. Polyphones: Note "tear" as used below:

"The *tear* down childhood's cheek that flows,"

and compare it with "tear" as used in paragraph 9.

Compare "lead" in the following:

"*Lead*, kindly light";

Missouri produces much *lead*.

Words that are the same in written form, but different in pronunciation and meaning, are called pōl'ŷ phōneş.

Illustrate by sentences the different meanings of each of these polyphones: read, lead, bow, row, sow, bass, slough, lower.

XLVII. THE FAIRYLAND OF SCIENCE.

PART IV.

1. One picture more, and then I hope you will believe in my fairies. From the cold garden you run into the house and find the wood and coal laid in the grate and waiting to be lighted. You strike a match, and soon there is a blazing fire. Where does the heat come from? Why does the coal burn and give out a glowing light?

2. Have you not read of gnomes buried down deep in the earth in mines, and held fast there till some fairy wand has released them, and allowed them to come to earth again? Well, thousands and millions of years ago, this coal was plants; and, like the snowdrop in the garden, they caught the sunbeams and worked them into their leaves.

3. Then the plants died and were buried deep in the earth, and the sunbeams with them; and like the gnomes they lay in prison till the coal was dug out by the miners and brought to your grate; and just now you yourself took hold of the fairy wand which was to release them. You struck a match, and its atoms, clashing with atoms of oxygen in the air, set the invisible fairies "heat" and "chemical attraction" to work. These fairies were soon busy within the wood and the coal, causing their atoms to clash; and

the sunbeams so long in prison leaped into flames. Then you spread out your hands and cried, "Oh, how nice and warm!" And little thought you that you were warming yourself with the sunbeams of ages and ages ago.

4. This is no fancy tale; it is literally true. The warmth of a coal fire could not exist if the plants of long ago had not used the sunbeams to make their leaves, holding them ready to give up their warmth again whenever those crushed leaves are consumed.

5. Now, do you believe in, and care for, my fairyland? Do you care to know how another strange fairy, "electricity," flings the lightning across the sky and causes the rumbling thunder?


6. Would you like to learn how the sun makes pictures of the world, so that we can carry about with us photographs, or sun-pictures, of all the beautiful scenery of the earth? And have you any curiosity about "chemical action," which works such wonders in air, and land, and sea? If you wish to know and make friends of these invisible forces, the next question is: How are you to enter the Fairyland of Science?

7. There is one way, and but one way. Like the knight or peasant in the fairy tales, you must open your eyes. There is no lack of objects; everything around you will tell some history if touched with the fairy wand of imagination.

8. I have often thought, when seeing some sickly child drawn along the street, while other children romped and played, how much happiness might be given to the sick children at home or in hospitals, if only they were told stories which lie hidden in the things around them.

9. They need not even move from their beds, for sunbeams can fall on them there, and in a sunbeam there are stories enough to occupy a month. The fire in the grate, the lamp by the bedside, the water in the tumbler, the fly on the ceiling above, the flower in the vase on the table, anything, everything that we see around us, has its history, and can reveal to us nature's invisible fairies.

10. Only one must wish to see them. If you go through the world looking upon everything only as so much to eat, to drink, and to use, you will never see the fairies of science. But, if you ask yourself why things happen, and how the great God above us has made and governed this world of ours; if you listen to the wind, and care to learn why it blows; if you ask the little flower why it opens in the sunshine and closes in the storm; and if, when you find questions which you cannot answer, you will take the trouble to hunt out in books, or make experiments to solve your own questions, then you will learn to know and to love those fairies.



11. Mind, I do not advise you to be constantly asking questions of other people; for often a question quickly answered is quickly forgotten, but a difficulty really hunted down is a triumph forever.

12. Then, again, you must learn something of the language of science. If you travel in a country with no knowledge of its language, you can learn very little about it. In the same way, if you are to go to books to find answers to your questions, you must know something of the language they speak. You need not learn hard, scientific names, for the best books have the fewest of these, but you must really understand what is meant by ordinary words.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

solve	sick'ly	ěx'ist'	ăt trăe'tiôn
flings	elăsh'ing	rûm'bling	ěx pěr'i ments
rômped(t)	qēil'ing	ehēm'le al	ě lăe trîc'î tỹ

II. Words defined: (2) rê lăased'(t), *let loose, set free*; (3)ăt'ômş, *the smallest particles of matter*; (3) ôx'y ġġn, *a colorless gas found in the air and water, and in many solids*. Oxygen forms about one fourth of the atmosphere by weight, and eight ninths of water. (4) lît'ěr al lỹ, *really*; (4) eôn sŭmed', *burned up*; (6) phô'tô grăphs, *pictures produced by the action of light*; (6) eũ rî ôs'î tỹ, *state of being curious, desire to inquire*; (8) hôs'pî talş, *buildings in which the sick are received and cared for*; (9) rê vġal', *make known*; (12) scġ ġn tîf'le, *pertaining to science*; (12) ôr'dġ nă rỹ, *common*.

XLVIII. SOMETHING ABOUT INSECTS.

1. On a summer's day, if you walk in a field or along a river, lake, or pond, you are pretty sure to find quite a number of living creatures. They are flying in the air, or sporting on the land and water. You may see gay butterflies and singing birds flitting about in sunshine and shade; and in the brook you may catch sight of the shiny fish and minnows.

2. But, besides all these, there is a host of wonderful little creatures that make their homes on land and in the water. Some men have spent their lives in observing them, and strange, indeed, are the accounts which they give of their forms and habits.

3. Some of these creatures are small—so small

that our eyes need a helper if we would observe the wonders of their tiny bodies. The microscope is this helper. Under its glasses the smallest object that can be seen by the naked eye is magnified so that it appears large and distinct.



4. Some of these little beings are called insects. But what is an *insect*? you may ask. An

insect is an animal without bones. Its covering is a



sort of horny substance which appears to be *cut in*, and thus divided into rings; *insect* means *cut in*.

5. Bees, ants, beetles, flies, gnats, moths, butterflies, bugs, and grasshoppers are all insects. Instead of lungs and blood vessels like ours, they have curious little breathing places along their sides. These connect with small pipes through which the air passes on its way direct to the blood.

6. Each of the two eyes of an insect appears very wonderful when seen under the microscope. Each is composed of many single eyes, and under a good instrument looks like a paved street.

7. In their perfect state, insects have six legs and two pairs of wings. You will note that I say *perfect* state, for you must know that every insect has a strange and interesting history.

8. For example, take the mosquito, an insect that is common in nearly all parts of the world. In the summer mosquitoes are the burden of the life of the miner in Alaska, and the marshes of the south swarm

with them. Wherever there are stagnant water and warm weather, you will find the buzzing mosquito.

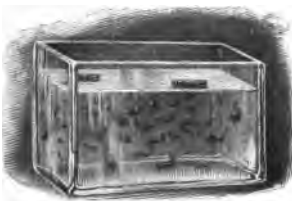
9. You may read its history in books ; or, what is better, you may write it for yourself. By observing what happens in a barrel of rain water in the summer, you will be able to give a very good account of the changes through which the animal passes before it becomes a full-grown mosquito.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

New words :

lūngş	nā'kēd	eōn nēet'	mōs qui'tō
mōthş	hōrn'ŷ	dī vīd'ēd	grāss'hōp pēr
bee'tlēş	stāg'nant	ōb şērv'ing	mī'erō seōpe
marsh'ēş	bār'rēl	brēath'ing	māg'nī fīed
glāss'ēş	eōm pōşed'	Ālās'kā	blōod' vēs sēl

XLIX. THE MOSQUITO.

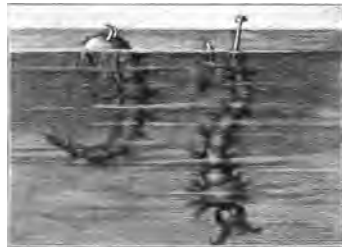


1. The mosquito begins life as a tiny egg on the surface of some pool of stagnant water. One by one the patient mother deposits two or three hundred eggs and glues them together so that they form a cunning little raft or boat. These rafts may be seen floating around on pools, or in a barrel of rain water.

2. After about three days, the eggs begin to hatch. Each egg produces a little worm-like creature, called a *larva*. It escapes from the raft, and goes wiggling through the water. And a lively fellow is this same larva. If you can get it still under the microscope, you will find that it has a head, with two large dark eyes, a round body, and a long curious tail.

3. When full-grown, the larva is about half an inch long, and nimble as a squirrel. Its food is gathered from the water by certain hairy organs attached to its head; these serve it as hands.

4. On the opposite end of the body, there are two other organs that may be seen in the cut. One of them extends above the surface of the water, and is the larva's breathing



tube. The other, extending to the left, is the tiny fin or oar by which it is driven through the water.

5. The breathing tube conveys the air into the larva's body. Like the whale or the porpoise, it must go to the surface of the water when it breathes. At the end of its tail there are valves which let in the air, and then close again as it sinks in the water.

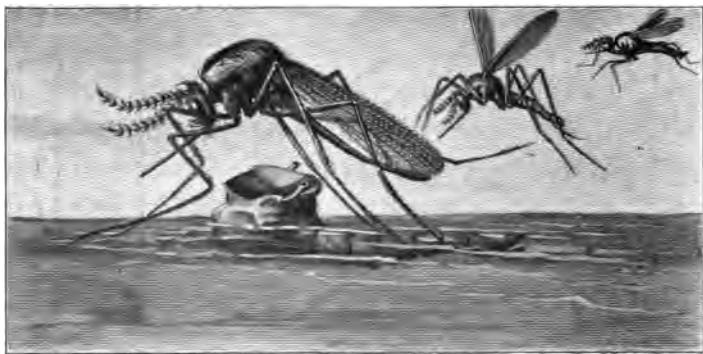
6. In two or three weeks the larva is full-grown.

Then it changes into a *pupa* or *chrysalis*. In this state it eats nothing, though it still moves about.

7. And now another wonderful change occurs ; the pupa does not breathe through its tail, but through the front part of its body. Two little horn-shaped tubes are developed for this purpose. In this state the pupa begins to develop the legs, wings, and other parts of a perfect mosquito.

8. As the pupa grows older, the animal within shrinks away from the skin or case, and at last a layer of air surrounds it. Then it rises to the surface of the water, and the young mosquito breaks through the case. For a time the cast-off pupa case serves as a raft on which the young insect floats until it spreads its wings, and a gentle breeze wafts it away.

9. In its new form there is little to remind us of the frisky little wiggler. It now has six hairy legs,



four gauzy wings, two plume-like antennæ, or feelers, and one proboscis,—the latter is a tube through which it sucks its food. The mosquito can no longer live in the water; its home is now in the air, and its food is the honey of the flowers.

10. I think I hear you say, “Mosquitoes suck blood; I know they do.” It is true that *some* mosquitoes do suck blood, but *all* do not. The female insect has five keen little lancets, and with these she pierces the skin of her victim and causes the blood to flow.

11. Then it is that her proboscis begins the work of taking up the blood, and thus it is that she proves herself a literal bloodsucker. But, not content with that, the mosquito injects a drop of fluid which acts as a poison on many people, and this is why her humming is so unwelcome a sound in our ears.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

răft	vălves	poi'son	ăt tăched'(t)
wăfts	glűes	piěrç'ēs	dě vėl'oped (t)
lăn'çets	frisk'y	eôn vey's'	ěx tēnd'ing
lăr'vă	nīm'ble	rě mīnd'	blóod'sűck ěr
pū'pă	eăst'őff	fě'măle	űn vėl'eóme

II. Words defined: (1) *dě pőŝ'its*, places; (2) *wīg'glīng*, moving with a quick, jerking motion; (5) *pôr'póise*, an animal living in the ocean; (6) *chrŷs'ă lis*, the pupa state of such insects as the butterfly; (9) *ăn tēn'næ (-nē)*, the movable organs of touch which are attached to an insect's head; (11) *īn jěets'*, throws into.

BRAVE DEEDS IN VERSE AND PROSE.

L. CONEMAUGH.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

The author of this thrilling poem was born in Massachusetts in 1844. She is the author of many volumes of stories for both children and mature readers. Her literary work was begun when only thirteen years old, and since that time her industry has been unflinching. She has been prompt to feel the spur of some great public crisis, of wrongs demanding to be righted, or of brave deeds deserving tributes of praise, such as the one here sung.

The event referred to occurred at Johnstown, Pa., in May, 1889. Years before, the state of Pennsylvania had built a canal through this part of the country, and had constructed a great dam across the Conemaugh River some miles above Johnstown. The dam was built at a very narrow point in the valley; the top of its solid masonry was more than fifty feet higher than the original bed of the river, so the pool or reservoir thus formed extended up the valley for miles. The dam had stood for many years, but after very heavy rains in the mountains it burst, and the mighty flood of waters carried destruction to life and property in the valley below.

1. "Fly to the mountain! Fly!"
 Terrible rang the cry.
 The electric soul of the wire
 Quivered like sentient fire.
 The soul of the woman who stood
 Face to face with the flood
 Answered to the shock,
 Like the eternal rock.

2. For she stayed
 With her hand on the wire,
 Unafraid,
 Flashing the wild word down
 Into the lower town.

3. Is there a lower yet and another?
 Into the valley she and no other
 Can hurl the warning cry:
 "Fly to the mountain! Fly!
 The water from Conemaugh
 Has opened its awful jaw.
 The dam is wide
 On the mountain side!"

4. "Fly for your life, oh, fly!"
 They said.
 She lifted her noble head:
 "I can stay at my post and die."

5. Face to face with duty and death,
 Dear is the drawing of a human breath.
 "Steady, my hand! Hold fast
 To the trust upon thee cast.
 Steady, my wire! Go, say
 That death is on the way!
 Steady, strong wire! Go, save!
 Grand is the power you have!"

6. Grander the soul that can stand
Behind the trembling hand;
Grander the woman who dares;
Glory her high name wears.
7. "This message is my last!"
Shot over the wire, and passed
To the listening ear of the land.
The mountain and the strand
Reverberate the cry:
"Fly for your lives, oh, fly!
I stay at my post and die."
8. The torrent took her. God knows all.
Fiercely the savage currents fall
To muttering calm. Men count their dead.
The June sky smileth overhead.
9. God's will we neither read nor guess.
Poorer by one more hero less,
We bow the head and clasp the hand:
"Teach us, altho' we die, to stand."

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

Words defined: (1) sĕn'ti ent, (-shĭ ent) *having the power of feeling*; (7) strănd, *the shore of the sea or ocean*; (7) rĕ vĕr'-bĕr âte, *send back, echo*.

NOTE.—The Conemaugh (Ĉon'ĕ ma) rises on the western slope of the Alleghany Mountains; its waters find their way into the Ohio River.

LI. THE RESCUE.

1. It was a beautiful morning in the month of May. The grass along the roadside was white with daisies, as the children ran to school. On the way, Letty watched Jack chasing the butterflies, while Harry amused himself by blowing off the feathery dandelion tops to see which way he should go to seek his fortune.

2. They stopped as they passed the railroad bridge to look at the lily pads in the marshy water below it, and tried to guess how long it would be before they could come to gather the lilies. Then they went on to school as usual.

3. They did not dream that none of the three would ever pass that place in the same careless way again. They did not think that the commonplace row of railroad ties would be made beautiful for them forever after that day by a noble deed — a deed that was finer and fairer than even the snowy lilies that bloomed in summer under the bridge.

4. They had just reached the turn of the road which passed the bridge, on their way home from school that afternoon, when Letty heard a child's cry. A very little girl, not more than four years old, stood in the middle of the bridge, looking helplessly from one bank to the other. It was not a

long distance across, but the child was frightened, and it was not in Letty's nature to pass any one in trouble.

5. "What's the matter?" she called. "Wait a minute, boys! How did she ever get there?"

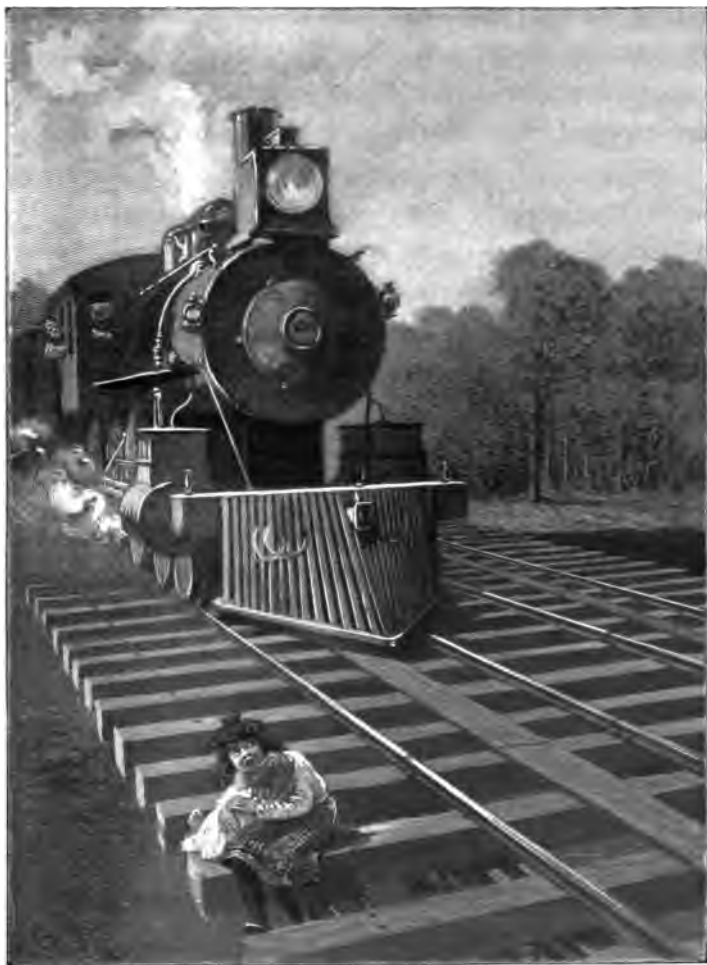
6. "I can't get off," cried the child. "I'm afraid. Oh, please come and help me!"

7. "Stand still, then, and I will," called Letty again, beginning to step carefully from one railroad tie to another.

8. Jack and Harry never forgot the next few minutes. It seemed as if a flash of lightning had engraved the whole picture on their hearts, so vividly could they recall it long after.

9. Letty had gone but a short distance when the boys thought they heard a rumbling sound. They listened again. The sound grew louder and louder. It was the approaching train. They cried in terror to their sister, "Letty! Letty! come back! The train! the train!"

10. There it was, like a fiery dragon, sweeping around the turn; and there was Letty on the bridge, and the child nearer to the opposite side. Letty paused for a moment and then, full in the face of the coming train, the timid girl sprang on toward the stranger child, and caught her in her arms just as the engine rolled upon the bridge.



11. Harry screamed wildly ; Jack shut his eyes and dropped on the grass with a great sob. There was

a rush and a rumble, which seemed ages long ; a shriek from the engine, and then all was still again.

12. When Jack opened his eyes he saw the train had stopped just at the end of the bridge ; that a brakeman, with Harry following him, was halfway down the bridge ; and beyond them he saw Letty herself, crouching on the ties outside the track, with the brown head of the little girl lying on her arm. They were both very still. " Dead ! " thought Jack, with a sudden wild feeling that he loved Letty dearly, and wanted her to be with him all his life, and that he had not been kind to her that morning at home.

13. " Mamma," said Harry, afterward, " when we got them off the bridge and found they were not hurt, but only terribly frightened, Jack and I both sat down and cried ! But Letty was crying so hard herself, that she didn't notice us ; so don't you tell ! "

14. That evening, as Letty lay pale and quiet, but very happy, in her bed, Jack stole into the room with his sword in his hand. It was a black walnut sword, with a brown silk cord and tassel on the hilt, and Jack was very proud of it. He sat down on the side of the bed, and held the sword out to Letty in a very embarrassed manner.

15. " You're the bravest girl I ever heard of ! " he said hurriedly ; " and I'll just own up and say that I

never would have dared to do what you did. — and besides, I think so much of you, Letty, — and you can have my sword, — and I'll never be mean to you again. So there, now ! ”

16. “ It was to help the little girl that I went,” said Letty, with a joyous smile ; “ and I know you would have gone on, too, if you had been on the bridge ; so you needn't say I'm braver than you are.”

17. In a short time Letty's mother went into the room, and there lay her dear girl sound asleep on the bed. There was a look of such gladness in her face that the tears sprang to the mother's eyes as she thought of what might have been.

— FROM ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words :

hilt	strān'gěr	vīv'ld lý	brāke'man
shriēk	tās'sel	ěn grāved'	eōm'mōn plāce
pāused	fi' ěr ý	erouch'ing	āp prōach'ing
rē eall'	fěath'ěr ý	hūr'ried lý	ēm bār'rassed(t)

II. Word analysis: Separate each of the following *derivative* words into *Root* and *Suffix*, and give its literal meaning: snowy, marshy, feathery, fiery, wildly, dearly, vividly, terribly, beautiful, carefully, careless, hurriedly, joyous.

III. Explain: (10) “ a fiery dragon ” ; (10) “ in the face of the coming train ” ; (11) “ seemed ages long ” ; (11) “ a shriek from the engine ” ; (14) “ on the hilt.”

LII. THE FIRE.

BY ANNA SEWELL.

This extract is Chapter XVI of "Black Beauty." Many young people need no introduction to this admirable story, for the reason that they have read it, and in so doing have become friends and admirers of its author.

Chapter XV tells how a gentleman and his wife were being driven across the country in England by a young groom, James Howard. On the way they stopped over night in a town, and their two horses, Black Beauty and Ginger, were stabled for the night.

1. Later on in the evening, a traveler's horse was brought in by the second hostler, and whilst he was cleaning him a young man with a pipe in his mouth lounged into the stable to gossip.

2. "I say, Towler," said the hostler, "just run up the ladder into the loft and put some hay down into this horse's rack, will you? *Only, lay down your pipe.*"

3. "All right," said the other, and went up through the trapdoor; and I heard him step across the floor overhead and put down the hay. James came in to look at us the last thing, and then the door was locked.

4. I cannot say how long I had slept, nor what time in the night it was, but I woke up very uncomfortable, though I hardly knew why. I got up; the air seemed all thick and choking. I heard Ginger coughing, and one of the other horses seemed very

restless ; it was quite dark, and I could see nothing, but the stable seemed full of smoke, and I hardly knew how to breathe.

5. The trapdoor had been left open, and I thought that was the place it came through. I listened, and heard a soft, rushing sort of noise, and a low crackling and snapping. I did not know what it was, but there was something in the sound so strange that it made me tremble all over. The other horses were now all awake ; some were pulling at their halters, others were stamping.

6. At last I heard steps outside, and the hostler who had put up the traveler's horse burst into the stable with a lantern, and began to untie the horses, and try to lead them out ; but he seemed in such a hurry and so frightened himself that he frightened me still more. The first horse would not go with him ; he tried the second and third, and they, too, would not stir. He came to me next, and tried to drag me out of the stall by force ; of course that was no use. He tried us all by turns, and then left the stable.

7. No doubt we were very foolish, but danger seemed to be all round, and there was nobody we knew to trust in, and all was strange and uncertain. The fresh air that had come in through the open door made it easier to breathe, but the rushing sound

overhead grew louder, and as I looked upward, through the bars of my empty rack, I saw a red light flickering on the wall. Then I heard a cry of "Fire!" outside, and the old hostler quietly and quickly came in: he got one horse out, and went to another, but the flames were playing round the trap-door, and the roaring overhead was dreadful.

8. The next thing I heard was James's voice, quiet and cheery, as it always was. "Come, my beauties, it is time for us to be off, so wake up and come along." I stood nearest the door, so he came to me first, patting me as he came in.

9. "Come, Beauty, on with your bridle, my boy, we will soon be out of this smother." It was on in no time; then he took the scarf off his neck, and tied it lightly over my eyes, and patting and coaxing he led me out of the stable. Safe in the yard, he slipped the scarf off my eyes, and shouted, "Here, somebody! take this horse while I go back for the other."

10. A tall, broad man stepped forward and took me, and James darted back into the stable. I set up a shrill whinny as I saw him go. Ginger told me afterwards that whinny was the best thing I could have done for her, for had she not heard me outside, she would never have had courage to come out.


11. There was much confusion in the yard, the horses being got out of other stables and the carriages and gigs being pulled out of houses and sheds, lest the flames should spread farther. On the other side of the yard windows were thrown up, and people were shouting all sorts of things; but I kept my eye fixed on the stable door, where the smoke poured out thicker than ever, and I could see flashes of red light.

12. Presently I heard above all the stir and din a loud clear voice, which I knew was master's, — "James Howard! James Howard! Are you there?" There was no answer, but I heard a crash of something falling in the stable, and the next moment I gave a loud, joyful neigh, for I saw James coming through the smoke, leading Ginger with him; she was coughing violently, and he was not able to speak.

13. "My brave lad!" said master, laying his hand on his shoulder, "are you hurt?" James shook his head, for he could not yet speak.

14. "Aye," said the big man who held me; "he is a brave lad, and no mistake."


15. "And now," said master, "when you have got your breath, James, we'll get out of this blaze as quickly as we can;" and we were moving toward the entry, when from the Market Place there came a sound of galloping feet and loud rumbling wheels.



16. "'Tis the fire engine! the fire engine!" shouted two or three voices; "stand back, make way!" and clattering and thundering over the stones two horses dashed into the yard with the heavy engine behind them. The firemen leaped to the ground; there was no need to ask where the fire was—it was rolling up in a great blaze from the roof.

17. We got out as fast as we could into the broad, quiet Market Place; the stars were shining, and, except the noise behind us, all was still. Master led the way to a large hotel on the other side, and, as soon as the hostler came, he said, "James, I must now hasten to your mistress; I trust the horses entirely to you; order whatever you think is needed," and with that he was gone. The master did not run, but I never saw mortal man walk so fast as he did that night.

18. The next morning the master came to see how we were, and to speak to James. I did not hear much, for the hostler was rubbing me down, but I could see that James looked very happy, and I thought the master was proud of him. Our mistress had been so much alarmed in the night, that the journey was put off till the afternoon; so James had the morning on hand, and went first to the inn to see about our harness and the carriage, and then to hear more about the fire.



19. When he came back, we heard him tell the hostler about it. At first, no one could guess how the fire had been caused, but at last a man said he *saw Dick Towler go into the stable with a pipe in his mouth*. Then the under hostler said he had asked Dick to go up the ladder to put down some hay, but told him to lay down his pipe first. Dick denied taking the pipe with him, but no one believed him. I remember our John Manly's rule, *never to allow a pipe in the stable*, and thought it ought to be the rule everywhere.

20. James said the roof and floor had all fallen in, and that only the black walls were standing; the two poor horses that could not be got out were buried under the burnt rafters and tiles.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

løft	hồ tễl'	fire'man	ən'trỹ
räck	hỗs'ỉlẻr	tráp'door	whín'nỹ
whỉlst	lăn'tẻr	hẻr'nẻss	mỏr'tal
lounged	smỏth'ẻr	cẻr'riẻg ẻs	joủr'neỹ

II. Words defined: (11) gỉg, a light carriage with two wheels, drawn by one horse; (14) aye (ẻỉ), meaning "yes," is a word often used in voting in legislative bodies and conventions; (18) ỉnn, a house at which travelers are entertained, a hotel.

III. Word analysis: Tell what prefix or suffix is used in each of these words: trẻv'ẻl ẻr, chỏk'ỉng, cỏugh'ỉng (kẻf-), erẻe'kỉng, snẻp'pỉng, eỏax'ỉng, gẻỉ'lỏp ỉng, elẻt'tẻr ỉng, vỉ'ỏ lent ỉỷ.

LIII. THE DRUMMER BOY.


General MacDonald, who figures in this story, was one of the most noted of the officers who shared the glories and disasters of Napoleon Bonaparte. Under the leadership of Napoleon, a French army crossed the Alps in May, 1800, and invaded Italy.

Later in the same year, General MacDonald was ordered to lead another army of some fifteen thousand men across the Alps, and join Napoleon in the plains below. The incidents referred to in this lesson occurred on MacDonald's march, which is considered a great military exploit, and one which illustrates the truth of the well-known saying, "Where there's a will, there's a way."

An Austrian army in Italy was surprised and totally defeated by the combined forces of Napoleon and MacDonald.

1. One cold morning early in December, 1800, a party of tourists was crossing the Alps, — a pretty large party, too, for there were several thousands of them. Some were riding, some walking, and most of them had knapsacks on their shoulders like many Alpine tourists nowadays. But instead of walking sticks, they carried muskets with bayonets, and dragged along with them some fifty or sixty cannons.

2. In fact, these tourists were nothing less than a French army, and a very hard time of it they seemed to be having. Trying work, certainly, even for the strongest man to make four miles through knee-deep snow in this bitter frost and bitter wind, and along these narrow, slippery mountain paths, which often run close to precipices hundreds of feet high. The soldiers looked thin and heavy-eyed for want of food




and sleep, and the poor horses that were dragging the heavy guns stumbled at every step.

3. But there was one among them who seemed quite to enjoy the rough marching and tramping along through the deep snow and cold gray mist. This was a little drummer boy ten years old, whose fresh, rosy face looked very bright and pretty among the grim, scarred visages of the old soldiers. When the cutting wind hurled a shower of snow in his face, he dashed it away with a cheery laugh, and awoke all the echoes with a lively rattle on his drum till it seemed as if the huge black rocks around were all singing in chorus.

4. "Bravo! little drummer!" cried a tall man in a shabby gray cloak, who was marching at the head of the line with a long pole in his hand, and striking it into the snow every now and then to see how deep it was. "Bravo, Pierre, my boy! With such music as that we could march all the way to Moscow."

5. The boy smiled and raised his hand to his cap in his salute, for this rough-looking man was the General himself. He was "Fighting MacDonald," one of the bravest soldiers in France, of whom his men used to say that one sight of his face in battle was worth a whole regiment. "Long live our General!" shouted a hoarse voice; and the cheer, flying from mouth to mouth, rolled along the silent mountains.

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6. But its echo had hardly died away when the silence was again broken by another sound of a very different kind,—a strange sort of whispering far away up the great mountain side. Moment by moment it grew louder and harsher, till at length it swelled into a deep, hoarse roar.

“On your faces, lads!” roared the General; “it’s an avalanche!”

7. Before the men had time to obey, the ruin was upon them. Down thundered the great mass of snow, sweeping the narrow path like a waterfall, and crashing down along with it came heaps of stone and gravel and great blocks of ice. For a moment all was dark as night, and when the rush had passed, many of the brave fellows who had been standing on the path were nowhere to be seen. They had been carried down the precipice, and either killed or buried alive in the snow.

8. But the first thought of their comrades was not for them. At once a cry arose, “Where’s our Pierre? Where’s our little drummer?”

9. Where, indeed? Look which way they would, nothing was to be seen of their little favorite, and when they shouted his name there was no answer. Then there broke forth a cry of grief, and many old soldiers who had looked without flinching at a line of leveled muskets felt the tears start in their eyes

at the thought that the bright face would never be seen among them again.

10. But all at once, far below them, there arose the faint roll of a drum beating the charge. The soldiers started and bent eagerly forward to listen; then up went a shout that shook the air, —

“He’s alive, comrades! our Pierre’s alive, after all!”

“And beating his drum still, like a brave lad! He wanted to have the old music to the last!”

“But we must save him, lads, or he will freeze to death down there! He must be saved!”

11. “He shall be!” broke in a deep voice behind, and the General himself was seen standing on the brink of the precipice, throwing off his cloak.

12. “No, no, General!” cried the grenadiers, with one voice; “you mustn’t run such a risk as that. Let one of us go instead; your life is worth more than all ours put together.”

“My soldiers are my children,” said MacDonald, quietly, “and no father grudges his own life to save his son.”

13. The soldiers knew better than to make any more objection. They obeyed in silence, and the General was soon swinging in mid-air, down, down, till he vanished at last in the darkness of the depths below. Then every man drew a long breath, and

all eyes were strained to watch for the first sign of his appearing. They knew well that he would never come back without the boy, and that chance was terribly against him.

14. Meanwhile MacDonald, having landed safely at the foot of the precipice, was looking anxiously around in search of Pierre; but the beating of the drum had ceased, and he had nothing to guide him.

“Pierre!” he shouted as loud as he could. “Where are you, my boy?”

15. “Here, General,” answered a weak voice, so faint that he could barely distinguish it. And there, sure enough, was the little fellow’s curly head half buried in a pile of snow, which alone had saved him from being dashed to pieces against the rocks when he fell. MacDonald made for him at once, and, although he sunk waist deep at every step, reached the spot at last.

16. “All right now, my brave boy!” said the General cheerily. “Put your arms round my neck, and hold tight; we’ll have you out of this in a minute.” The child tried to obey, but his stiffened fingers were cold and numb; even when MacDonald himself clasped the tiny arms about his neck, their hold gave way directly.

17. What was to be done? A few minutes more, and the numbing cold of that dismal place would

make the rescuer as powerless as him whom he came to rescue. But General MacDonald was not the man to be so easily beaten. Tearing off his sash, and knotting one end of it to the rope, he bound Pierre and himself firmly together with the other, and then gave the signal to his soldiers to draw them up.

18. And when the two came swinging up into the daylight once more, and the soldiers saw their pet still alive and unhurt, cheer on cheer rang out, until the very mountains appeared to share in the gladness.



19. "We've been under fire and under snow together," said MacDonald, chafing the boy's cold hands tenderly, while the soldiers stood around them, rejoicing, "and nothing shall part us two after this so long as we live."

20. And the General kept his word. Years later, when the great wars were all over, there might be seen walking in the garden of a quiet country house in the south of France a stooping, white-haired old man, who had once been the famous Marshal MacDonald. He leaned for support upon the arm of a tall, soldierlike fellow, who had once been little Pierre, the drummer boy.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

grĭēf	grāv'ēl	hārsh'ēr	Āl'pine
wāist	grūdġ'ēş	shāb'bŷ	Mōs'eōw
sāsh	mūs'kēts	stiff'ened	rē joic'ing
hōarse	rāt'tle	seārred	ōb jēe'tiōn
strāined	chō'rūs	knōt'ting	prēc'ī pl'çēş

II. Words defined: (1) tŕur'ists, *persons who are making a journey in a circuit*; (1) knāp'sāck, *a case in which a soldier carries his food and other necessities*; (3) vĭş'ā ġēş, *faces*; (4) brā'vō, *well done*; (4) Pi erre' (Pē ār'), *the French equivalent of Peter*; (5) sā lūte', *a sign of respect*; (9) flĭnch'ing, *shrinking*; (12) grĕn ā diēr', *a soldier belonging to a special regiment*; (16) nūmb, *without feeling, insensible*; (19) chāf'ing, *rubbing*; (20) Mār'shal, *the highest military officer in France*.

III. Suggestions: (4) In what kind of tone would you read what the General says? Why do you think Pierre was so great a favorite with the General and the soldiers? Do you picture in your mind the scenes referred to in this lesson? Can you read the lesson so as to bring these pictures vividly to the minds of others?

LIV. A HEROIC DEED.

1. The seamen of the United States navy have performed many brave and daring deeds. The list of their exploits on sea and lake and river is a long one. Other nations may have larger navies, but none whose record is more glorious.

2. The early morning of June 3, 1898, saw another brave deed added to the list. That morning witnessed the execution of a most daring exploit by Lieutenant Hobson and seven men belonging to the United States navy.

3. The Spanish fleet under Admiral Cervera lay inside the harbor of Santiago, Cuba. The United States fleet under Admiral Sampson was blockading its entrance.

4. The harbor was protected by mines and torpedoes; its shores were lined with forts. At a moment's warning a rain of shot and shell could be poured upon any vessel that dared enter it.

5. Such were the conditions when Admiral Sampson's attention was called to the fact that the entrance to the harbor was narrow, — so narrow that a single large vessel, if sunk at a certain point, would block the channel. It was said, "The Spanish fleet is now in a bottle. Put in the cork, and it can never get out."

6. Lieutenant Hobson proposed to put in the cork. His daring plan was laid before the Admiral, and after careful thought it was decided to let him try to carry it into effect.

7. Having formed the plan, volunteers were called for to execute it. But eight men were required. It was understood that the service was very dangerous, and might result in the death of every man engaged in it.

8. Instead of the eight men required, two thousand volunteered. Those who were chosen considered themselves lucky. They were brave men, but not braver, perhaps, than the hundreds who were not accepted.

9. When the Admiral decided to carry out Lieutenant Hobson's plan, the *Merrimac*, a large coaling vessel, was made ready. Her remaining cargo of coal was shifted; torpedoes were strung along her sides, and every means was provided for sinking the vessel when the right point in the channel should be reached.

10. To run the vessel into the harbor in the face of the awful fire that would be poured upon her required cool heads and stout hearts. To all it seemed almost certain death. That so many volunteered for this dangerous service is a proof of the valor of American seamen.

11. On the morning of June 2, all was made ready. The *Merrimac* with her crew of eight men started for the entrance of the harbor. The Admiral was pacing the deck of his flagship. He saw the coming of the dawn, and ordered the *Merrimac* recalled. He felt certain that the plan could be executed only under the cover of the night.

12. That evening Lieutenant Hobson and his brave crew were aboard the *Merrimac*. Everything had been arranged, and shortly after midnight the *Merrimac* steamed slowly toward the entrance to the harbor. She reached the channel.

13. It was about three o'clock in the morning, when thousands of watchful eyes on the United States fleet saw a sight they can never forget. The guarding hills of the harbor began to spit fire. Shells shrieked, and solid shot bellowed. The thunder of the Spanish cannonade broke against the hills, and its echoes were carried far out to sea.

14. The cause and center of all this sudden and deafening uproar was the *Merrimac*. She had been sighted on her way through the channel, and this was a signal for a general outburst from the Spanish guns.

15. Through all this awful din the crew of the *Merrimac* was intent on the work in hand. Each man had his special duty. Orders were coolly given

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and promptly obeyed, though the vessel was being swept with a leaden gale.

16. The *Merrimac's* steering gear was shot away. Some of her torpedoes were disabled. So the tide carried her beyond the point where she was to have been sunk; but at last she went down, and her devoted crew was left to struggle in the swirling waters.



17. By a happy chance they were all able to cling to a raft until the break of day. Then they were rescued by Admiral Cervera himself, and treated as prisoners of war. Every member of the crew had expected to meet death on the *Merrimac*; that all were saved is nothing short of a marvel.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

I. New words:

nā'vleŋ	ən'traŋe	spě'cial	Sămp'son
rēe'ōrd	ār rāŋed'	dīs ā'bled	Çēr vē'rā
chăn'něl	ən gāged'	cōn dī'tiōnŋ	Sān tī ā'gō
shift'ed	hěl'lōwed	lieū tēn'ant	Mēr'ri mae

II. Words defined: (1) ěx ploit', *heroic act*; (2) ěx ě eū'tiōn, *carrying out*; (3) ād'mī ral, *a naval officer of high rank*; (3) blōck ād'ŋg, *shutting up a place so that ships can neither go out nor come in*; (4) tōr pē'dōeŋ, *a kind of shell that can be exploded by electricity*; (7) vōl ūn teerŋ', *persons who enter service of their own free will*; (8) āc çēpt'ed, *received, taken*; (13) cān nōn āde', *the act of discharging cannons*; (14) dēaf'en ŋg, *making deaf*; (15) ĩn tēnt', *strictly attentive*; (16) steer'ŋg gēar, *the machinery by which a vessel is steered*; (16) swīrl'ŋg, *whirling*.

LV. MEMORY GEMS FROM AMERICAN POETS.

NEW DUTIES.

New occasions teach new duties ;

Time makes ancient good uncouth ;

They must upward still and onward,

Who would keep abreast of truth.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

TRUTH AND ERROR.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again :

The eternal years of God are hers ;

But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,

And dies among his worshipers.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

LVI. THE BOY OF RATISBON.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

Robert Browning was born in England in 1812, and died in 1889. His first poem was written when he was but nineteen years of age, and he continued to write throughout his long life. In his writings it is ever greatness and nobility of soul that he sets before the reader.

1. You know we French stormed Ratisbon ;
 A mile or so away,
 On a little mound, Napoleon
 Stood, on our storming day ;
 With neck out-thrust, — you fancy how, —
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow
 Oppressive with its mind.
2. Just as perhaps he mused, “ My plans
 That soar, to earth may fall,
 Let once my army leader, Lannes,
 Waver at yonder wall,”
 Out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound,
 Full galloping ; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.
3. Then off there flung, in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect,
 Just by his horse's mane, a boy ;
 You hardly could suspect



(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came through),
 You looked twice, ere you saw his breast
 Was almost shot in two.

4. "Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
 We've got you Ratisbon !
 The Marshal's in the market place,
 And you'll be there anon,

To see your flag bird flap his vans
 Where I, to heart's desire,
 Perched him." The chief's eye flashed ; his plans
 Soared up again like fire.

5. The chief's eye flashed ; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes.
 "You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said :
 "I'm killed, sire!" and, his chief beside,
 Smiling, the boy fell dead.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

Words defined: (1) *prōne*, bending forward; (1) *stōrm'ing*, attacking; (2) *mūsed*, thought; (2) *wā'vēr*, move one way and then another; (2) *'twixt*, an abbreviation of "betwixt," between; (2) *bāt'tēr ŷ*, two or more pieces of artillery in the field; (3) *sūs-pēct'*, imagine; (3) *eōm prēssed' (t)*, pressed together; (4) *ā nōn'*, soon; (4) *vāng*, wings; (5) *shēathes*, covers; (5) *film*, a *thin* covering; (5) *bruised*, injured; (5) *ēa'glēt*, a young eagle.

Rāt'ig bōn, a town in Bavaria on the Danube River.

Lannes (Lān), a Marshal of France.





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